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REVIEWS

The Cicisbeo. A Tragedy, in five acts. Renshaw.

WHEN on former occasions, in our notices of 'Ion' and 'La Vallière,' we took leave to express a doubt as to that second advent of "gorgeous tragedy," then so loudly trumpeted by our contemporaries, we felt reasonably certain that our modest misgivings would not put out even the foggy exhalation which they had mistaken for the pillar of light, and around which they were rejoicing—and of this the times have given proof, and thus quieted our consciences; for the last six months have produced more tragedies than the preceding six years. Some of these we have briefly noticed; while the majority, "too bad for a blessing, too good for a curse," have been allowed to pass quietly to the trunk-makers. Our argument, however, be it remembered, had exclusive reference to the genius of the age, and not to the genius of individuals. We did not deny that some single work might be produced, worthy even to take its place among the masterpieces of the Elizabethan age, but that there was no hope that any body of dramatic literature, worthy to be so called, could now be produced. We must, for honour and consistency's sake, enforce this distinction on the mind of the reader, otherwise the solitary work now under consideration, might be thought to invalidate our whole argument.

The writer of 'The Cicisbeo' is wholly unknown to us, and his name is modestly withheld even from the title-page. The work, therefore, came before us to be tried on its own merits; but it was impossible to read even the preface, without a conviction that the writer was no ordinary person.

"A novel," he therein observes, "is easily read, and is certain to afford amusement of some sort. A tragedy, on the contrary, requires in the reader a considerable exertion of the imagination, and makes large demands upon the attention, and is yet, although it is very excellent it may give excitement and delight of the highest character, by no means certain of affording a titlle of the poorest description of enjoyment."

"In the following drama it has been an object with the author to diminish the chance of its failing altogether of remunerating the trouble of a reader by infusing into it some of what he trusts are the attractions of a philosophical novel, without prejudice, he has the presumption to hope, to its character as a dramatic work; by which attempt he perhaps affords some proof that he is too much of a philosopher to care greatly about the applause of his readers, provided they reap some advantage from it in the shape of sorrow, sadness, and distrust of their own hearts; the excitement of which latter feeling is the only moral effect which the drama can ever have, or ought to aim at. In his natural love for and yearning after comfort and ease of heart, man is too apt to consider that all things which tend to produce in him a contrary state, are to be eschewed, on principles of wisdom; and it is this feeling, now so prevalent in this country, to which, among many other causes, is attributable the decline of taste for tragedy, and the increased demand for dramas and novels of a farcical and cheerful nature: but the sublimating and softening effects upon the heart and mind of thunder storms, sudden deaths, plagues, and other dreadful visitations from the hand of Providence, indicate a constant necessity for such sort of excitement, in order to keep down the sense of security which is at the bottom of most of the vices peculiar to the inhabitants of popular

cities, or, more especially, to the members of thriving families."

Now, though the reader may not altogether concur in the author's conclusions, he must feel that there breathes throughout this passage that noble disregard of the world's judgment which is characteristic of a man confident in the purity of his intentions, and the self-sustaining energy of his genius,—and we only regret that "thunder storms" are not confined to "popular cities," or "sudden deaths, plagues, and other dreadful visitations," to "members of thriving families," that the illustration might have been as philosophically true as it is beautiful.—But to the tragedy itself.

That the reader may appreciate the passages we mean to quote, we must give some account of the *dramatis persona*, for of plot there is none—"action" not being the medium through which the author designed to excite the reader," a circumstance which he now fears may, "quite contrary to his original design," make 'The Cicisbeo' "unsuitable for theatrical representation." The scene, then, is laid in Rome—"time of action, about two weeks in the seventeenth century"—principal characters, Cecil, Atherton, Eckhardt, and the Countess Stromi. Cecil and Atherton are Englishmen—the former "a recluse," who "loved to wander in a cloud," and had fled from his country some years before, professionally

To study, under every aspect, human nature,
And thus, if anywhere perfection lurk,
To find it out—

but, in truth, because his cousin Laura preferred Atherton. He is a man of fine feelings, and fine genius, of course—a cross between Hamlet and Manfred, and he thus describes himself:—

A sluggard and a coward have I been,
Hiding myself beneath the petticoats
Of inactivity.

Atherton, when the drama opens, had arrived at Rome, in search of his old friend,—they had grown up together, and their young affections were so intimately interwoven that we must leave the reader to unravel the mystery—I, says Atherton,

I loved Laura that she pitted Cecil,
And that I loved him, she loved me,—and then
I loved him more that he had been the cause
Of my success.

Their mutual regard, he says, was such,
Time could not find a pore wherein
To breathe a single globe of decay.

Eckhardt is a German painter, and the new friend of Cecil. He describes himself, and in this instance we will "take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds," as

half fool and half philosopher,
Half moralist, half sinner.

He is a great talker, but no orator, as he modestly confesses:—

In all that leaves my lips 'twixt tone and sense
There is so little harmony, that when
I woo, the women are not thrilled, but sneeze. (!)

The Countess Stromi is what in England we should call a lodging-house keeper, who takes in the two latter, and "does" for one of them. Eckhardt is in love with her, and she with Atherton. Just before the opening of the drama Eckhardt becomes acquainted with Atherton—his introduction was somewhat strange—

Now often from the window of his rooms,
Which are abreast of mine, he would be reading
The living page that chattered 'neath his eye
While I was doing so too. 'Twas thus one morn,
A week perhaps that I had seen him thus,
That we became acquainted.

This acquaintanceship brings about an interview between Cecil and Atherton—a scene of overpowering interest—the interest of which, it appears, explains the whole mystery of Cecil's long silence—which, says Atherton,

once seem'd strange to me; but now I see
The wisdom of the man who hath amass'd,
By saving letter-paper, such a store
Of rich delights as that which now awaits
Our fast approaching meeting.

The two old friends, however, do not cousin kindly—and, after many bickerings and upbraidings, Cecil, maddened at the dog-in-the-manger spirit of Atherton, who will neither take Laura himself, nor let any one else have her, invites him to a stroll on the Pincian:—

The sloping Pincian that immures and binds,
In towering perpendicular above
The crouching city.

After a short walk, and a long struggle, these dear friends tie themselves into a sort of true-love knot—"with one another void'd" and downward go,

And never hollow "heads below!"
Nor notice give at all.

Of Cecil we hear no more—the "sloping" "perpendicular" was, it appears, vastly higher in the "two weeks of the seventeenth century" than it is at present, for they fell "a thousand feet," and, no doubt, as Colonel Wildfire would say, it was "an immortal smash," and probably a spot of grease alone remained to indicate the place where "the Recluse" perished. Atherton, however, was carried home, on a shutter we presume, and the Countess drops on him, and the curtain drops on both. The stage directions, however, inform us, that during this last terrific scene, the Count Stromi "takes hold of his wife's long hair behind, and, as she continues to bend over the body of Atherton, pulls it gently"—he "continues," indeed, according to the same authority, "to pull her hair" until my lady's maid calls him "an inhuman ruffian," on which he "looks peeringly into the face of the corpse," and exclaims,

By Pan! the minx has died
For him.

And with this sublime peroration the drama concludes.

We have thus given a hurried sketch of the "Who and the Whereabouts," and we now propose to make a few such extracts as may serve to whet the appetite of the reader, and give him a just notion of the extraordinary power, pathos, and originality of the gifted writer. We are perplexed, however, by the very abundance of our riches. There is the whole scene between Eckhardt and Cecil, in the first act, overflowing with originality, but then it occupies thirteen pages of comfortably packed type; we must therefore content ourselves with a few gems, such as the following:—

Cec. You have never open'd
That secret well within my precious breast,
Whence springs the fumes of sentiment.
Eck. Bless you! methinks I so possess your mind.
Cec. I have been muddy-witted all this day.
Eck. Methinks I'm so possess'd of your mind's turn
I could mock your most embryon sentiments.
That tell you talk of in your precious breast
Is leaky, and the while you talk to me,
Sighs spurring forth in little streams reveal
The sulphurous quality of the parent pool.

Mark, reader, how the sulphurous quality of the little streams sighed forth by the leaky well, indicate the character of Cecil, as subsequently developed—we hardly know an instance in dramatic poetry where coming events cast their shadows before more naturally, and, at the same

time, more artfully, or rather, artistically. Had we, indeed, sufficient space to transfer from this scene some of the speeches entire, their fine reasoning, touching eloquence, and living, breathing, poetry would stamp 'The Cicisbeo' as one of the most original and extraordinary works in the modern or ancient drama, whether comedy, tragedy, or farce. Here again is a fine reach of the philosophical, and how beautifully illustrated!—

He who takes note of everything he hears
Is an eaves-dropper. Though passion's tongue
Prate in the mob's throat like an avalanche,
Who but the plotting truckster listens to it?

Think, reader, of a talking avalanche in a man's throat! but the tragedy is full of these original passages—thus,

May the next thunder
That doth befall so gorge his greedy ear,
That it be choked and ne'er laste sweet again!

So when Eckhardt first tells Cecil that Atherton has arrived in search of him—how fine the outbreak of his passion—

Would the earth that ticks me with his being,
Would deem me now enough disguised in phlegm
To swallow up.

Again, when Cecil is upbraiding his friend for some suspected frailties—

Here is the seed of the Italian weed
Adultery! My heel shall crush it now;
It is a sin I'm born to be a scourge to,
As the ichneumon is to the crocodile,
Sucking its life-blood even in the egg.
Forake that damned scent,
Eckhardt, or ne'er speak word to me again!
I'd rather lap a dog whose nose had drunk
The hunted poeas's sweat, than call him friend,
Who follows whoredom!

What an awful interrogation is here—

Can God, in heaven, grin from the green moon,
Upon such sufferings as these, un pitying?

But Cecil deals in strange and startling language; thus—

Methinks I'm now a child,
No longer nerv'd with passion—my weak heart
So helpless, so devoid of manhood, stands,
And fain would I again betake myself
To the sweet cradle.

[A knock at the door.

Thunder!—now blast thy Jupiter, who comes
Thus like a wolf upon the new-born babe?

The writer of 'The Cicisbeo' has the power, beyond all other poets, of painting with words; thus, how truly and vividly is an Englishman sketched, even in a sentence, as "a creature from the North," with *milk-and-water-coloured eyes*,—"and how well distinguished from those burning children of the sun, 'the sweating negro, with *white-liver'd eyes*.'" But we must not linger over these trifles—yet, before we take leave of the work, we will, in justice, and by way of contrast, select a passage or two admirable for their simplicity and beauty—thus,

Cec. What, is this Saturday?
Ser. Ay, signor.
Cec. Then to-morrow

Is Sunday. Here's the money!

Again, and what a picture!—

At Jena, once, a wicked summer's eve
Had all the studious world reduced to quit
Their books and seek the idle market-place,—
Here was a group whom Mars was lecturing,
Loud from the waving circle echoing rang
The clash of weapons, merry laughter mocking
A voice so threatening from the button'd foil;
Elsewhere the atmosphere did quake with argument,
Fed by tobacco smoke that helm'd the disputants.

This last figure, or figures, seem to us a little perplexed, but no matter; picture to yourself, reader, the disputants *helm'd by tobacco-smoke*, and then *eating their helmets*, which we take to be, in part, the meaning of the passage.

The Countess Stromi, to whom we have hitherto merely adverted, is another character drawn with extraordinary power. We have often enough read what was meant to be the outpouring of passionate hearts, but few passages equal to this—

Beauty, aid me now, give me his bosom
To hide mine eyes in, and submerge my head;
And though all torments howled upon my back
I shall not note them—his embrace will cleave
Around me like the laggard stream of Lethe—
His soul burn o'er me, like Elysium's sun.

But, as "the course of true love never did run smooth," Atherton remains indifferent, while the German is more than ever importunate. Like most of his countrymen, the latter has some odd crotchets in his head—here is one of them:

Count S. It is unmanly of you
Thus to provoke me still by lingering here.
Eck. It pleases me to stay, and that's enough
To make my staying manly.

Prisca, the waiting-maid, however, resolves to overcome the virtuous resolution of Atherton—

This haughty Goth shall fall to her. So young,
At least the tree shall bend that she may pluck
A bunch or two of the balsamic fruit,
Enough to save her dry lips for a while.

Finally, she exclaims—

I'll physic him,
Till as my mistress watches o'er his couch
He be relieved of all his bile and love her.
Sir Roland, O Sir Roland, be for shame,
That ladies-maids thus deem you vulnerable.

At length Atherton and the Countess have a tête-à-tête on the subject of love; and this scene is remarkable for the vigorous terseness of its language. It opens thus:

Cou. Str. Thou lovest me not?
Ather. (playfully) Thou liest!
Cou. Str. Is this love,
To spurn me thus? . . . Thou never loved.
Ather. Thou liest, for 'tis love that teaches me
To hate these now.

But we have already allowed our admiration to outrun discretion, and must conclude; besides—

See yonder in the west,
Speedily depriving the sanguinous stain,
Dashed by the sun's fall on the face of darkness.

Our lamp, too, is getting low, and, as Eckhardt says—

Now it is so dark
The sun's grave can't be seen, and iron night
Is cold and keen about us; the steel moon
Laughs sentiment to scorn.

Where will the reader find "mettle more attractive" than this? We therefore conclude, leaving to him to determine how far 'The Cicisbeo' is to be considered a work *suu generis*, or as one tending to invalidate our argument respecting the probable revival of the British Drama.

Travels to the Ural, the Altai, and the Caspian Sea. By A. von Humboldt, G. Ehrenberg, and G. Rose.

[Second Notice.]

M. von Humboldt observed some years ago (1823) in his essay 'On the Superposition of Rocks,' how frequently diamonds are found associated with the noble metals gold and platinum; the same alluvial soil which contains one, usually containing also another, or all three of these precious minerals. This general principle, strengthened by the resemblance in geological constitution between some of the gold districts of the Ural and the diamond districts of Brazil, led him to the firm conclusion that diamonds were to be found in the Uralian mines. Elated with this idea, he playfully declared to the Empress of Russia, to whom he was introduced on his first arrival in St. Petersburg, that he would not return to the presence of her majesty without Russian diamonds. When he reached the Uralian Mountains, and visited the districts where the process of washing the gold was carried on, he was actuated by the same persuasion, and had all the coarse sand and crystalline particles of the alluvium from which the gold was washed carefully retained, to undergo a further examination with the microscope. His pains, however, were not rewarded with any immediate success, though certainly not thrown away, as will appear from the sequel.

Count Polier accompanied M. von Humboldt on his tour northward, through the mines as far as Kushvinsk, where he quitted him on the 1st of July, and proceeded to his wife's estates at Bissersk. The example of diligent observation and zealous spirit of inquiry which he had so recently witnessed, operated on him as a strong

incentive; on his arrival therefore at Bissersk, he ordered the superintendent of the mines to lay before him specimens of every kind of crystal found in the auriferous soil; his orders were obeyed, and on the 5th of July, or only four days after he parted from M. von Humboldt, he found a diamond,—the first-discovered Russian and European diamond, for the mines of Bissersk are situated on the western or European slope of the Uralian chain.

The discovery overturned at once an opinion often and emphatically pronounced, but which, nevertheless, is only an empirical conclusion, somewhat mystified, namely, that the diamond is confined to the limits of the tropics. This opinion is abetted by the imagination, which inclines to the belief that great heat and all the energies of nature are necessary to the production of so precious a mineral. But now diamonds have been found in Europe and Siberia. In latitude 58° 30', and the deposits likely to contain them are known to extend much farther north.

Paul Popoff, a boy of fourteen, who found the first diamond in the Uralian Mountains, has been as yet the chief gainer by the discovery, having obtained for his luck his freedom and a sum of money. But the Uralian diamonds have hitherto proved so small and so thinly distributed as by no means to repay the expense of searching for them, and suffice merely to prove the existence of a diamond district. Within the first few years after Popoff's discovery (from 1829 to 1833), only thirty-seven diamonds were found, the largest of which weighed but two and a half carats. Nor were these all collected at Bissersk; some were found about eight miles eastward from Katharinenburg; so that the wide distribution, at least, of the valuable gem is fully proved; and as the rich alluvium in which it is found, associated with grains of gold and platinum, though itself a comparatively modern discovery, is known to occur in many parts, and the mineral riches of the Uralian Mountains have been as yet but superficially explored, it is not unreasonable to suppose that some time or other a spot will be discovered in which the diamonds lie more thickly clustered, so as to yield at once an ample treasure. The second diamond found at Bissersk was sent immediately, by Count Polier, to M. von Humboldt, so that when the latter returned to St. Petersburg, he was enabled to keep his word, and to appear before the Empress with a Russian diamond, which was also the first shown to her.

M. von Humboldt and his companions followed, with little deviation, the same route northwards through the Uralian mines as far as Bogoslovsk, which had been trodden the year before by Erman and Hansteen; but though M. Rose enters amply into the details of metallurgy and chemistry, he furnishes us with little else of a novel character.

The portion of the Uralian chain lying northward of the Soswa was quite unknown previous to the summer of 1830, when an expedition set forward to explore it geographically and mineralogically, and continued its operations during that and the two following years. The expedition started from the banks of the Yvdil, the northern limit of the mining district of Petropavlovsk, and about 100 miles north of Bogoslovsk. It was composed chiefly of active young men who volunteered for the service, and was conducted by experienced leaders. Much vigour and forethought were required to meet the difficulties which stood in the way of their progress. It was necessary to hew a way through the thick woods, to make a path with logs over the morasses, and to construct magazines at regular intervals, to obviate the dangers to which they were exposed from the loss of their provisions by accidents and the humidity of the forests. In this way they advanced in the first year thirty-

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three, in the second fifty-six miles, as far as the
Sewerna (northern) Soswa, which flowing north-
eastwards, enters the Ob near Beresof, and must
not be confounded with the southern Soswa.
This expedition is said to have discovered some
fine copper ores and rich gold sands, and to have
completed a tolerably good survey of the country
which it traversed.

On the 18th of July M. von Humboldt and
his companions, moving with their usual celerity,
departed from Katherinenburg on their way to
Tobolsk. They halted after a ride of nine miles
to view the works of an Englishman named
Medcher (Major?), who has made nearly all the
steam-engines required for the Uralian mines.
The same individual had on his estate a pro-
ductive tract of auriferous soil, which was subse-
quently distinguished (in 1831) by the discovery
of two diamonds. Tyumen, about 180 miles
from Katherinenburg, is a larger town than the
latter, situated in a fertile country on the southern
banks of the Tura :—

The banks of this river (says our author) are ren-
dered interesting by the quantity of elephant's teeth
which are found on them, not only near Tyumen, but
higher up also, as far as, and even beyond Kamyskhoff,
as well as on the River Issat. This fossil ivory is
in such perfect preservation as to admit of being
made into combs and other articles. On the banks
of the Suwarysh, a small stream flowing into the
Irtys, are found imbedded in the soil in vast profusion,
not only the teeth, but the bones also of elephants,
mingled in some spots with those of buffaloes.

At Tobolsk M. von Humboldt had the satisfac-
tion of establishing his observatory on the
very spot selected for that purpose by Chappe
d'Auteroche, in 1762, and pointed out to Erman,
after much fruitless inquiry, by an octogenarian
officer. The position of the capital of western
Siberia may be now looked upon as accurately
determined by the observations of these three
astronomers, which agree well together. Accord-
ing to M. von Humboldt's original plan,
Tobolsk was to have been the most eastern point
of his journey, from which place he was to have
proceeded up the Irtys to Omsk, and so return
in Europe through the southern portion of the
Uralian chain. But he found that all obstructions
disappeared before the high patronage
under which he travelled. His views were pro-
moted so zealously by all the local authorities,
and he was served so diligently by those who
attended him, that his various excursions were
all finished in less time than he had calculated
on, and it was necessary to enlarge his plans of
operations, in order to make full use of his
opportunities. He resolved therefore to visit
the mining districts of the Altai Mountains, a
distance of only 1200 or 1300 miles, and lost no
time in making the needful preparations. Caps
furnished with a profusion of long loose hair, to
protect the face from flies, were equipments
which our travellers were taught to believe to be
much more indispensable in the sandy steppes
than in the Uralian Mountains, where, neverthe-
less, the want of them had been severely felt.

On the 24th of July they commenced their
journey over the steppes, which extend from
Tobolsk to Barnaul, at the foot of the Altai
Mountains, and of which a fair sample is ex-
hibited in the following extract :—

At the great village Tatmyskaya (about 230
miles from Tobolsk) we crossed the Irtys, which
we here quitted for a considerable time. The road
crosses some distance south-eastwards to the river Om,
which flows into the Irtys near the town of Omsk ;
and then turns eastwards along the latter river, and
begins the steppe of Barabinsk, which comprises
the whole space between the Irtys and the Ob. By
this means dry and parched, as the word steppe is
usually thought to imply, it abounds, on the contrary,
with water to a remarkable degree, being full of lakes,
small and small, morasses, and rivers, which last flow
into the Om, the chief river of the steppe, or

at once into the Ob or Irtys. In some places, the
plain is all a quagmire, and as level as the sea. Here
and there it is covered with grass or weeds, with
poplars and birch trees. We saw some dry spots
near the road, covered with efflorescent salts, and
we learned that many of the little lakes of the Bara-
binskian steppe are salt. The roads over these
boggy tracts are constructed with logs, and, on ac-
count of their great length, being ill kept in repair,
render travelling on them very disagreeable. This
annoyance however was much less insupportable than
that occasioned by the multitudes of gnats and flies of
every kind, which constantly swarmed round us, and
fell upon us the moment that the carriage halted. Our
long-haired caps only partially protected us from them,
for the stings of the gnats pierced through the seams
and every minute fissure; nor could we wear these
caps continually, as they were troublesome from
their great heat, and hindered our free enjoyment of
the prospect around us. This circumstance is here
mentioned chiefly on account of the loss which it
occasioned us, and which, at the time, we felt keenly.
Between the stinging of the flies and the jolting of
the carriage over the bad roads, I was unable to pro-
tect the barometer, which was consequently broken.

Arrived in the middle of the steppe, our tra-
vellers heard with consternation that the Siberian
plague, an endemic of a dangerous character,
was raging in all the villages on the road before
them. Not daunted however by the news, they
determined to take water and provisions for a
few days in the carriage with them, and to hurry
on, avoiding, as far as possible, communication
with the villagers. In this way they reached
Barnaul, at the foot of the Altai Mountains,
having travelled from Tobolsk, a distance of
nearly 1000 miles, in nine days. Our author's
entire devotion to mineralogy is nowhere more
conspicuous than in the following brief descrip-
tion of the capital of the mining district :—

The town of Barnaul, still situated in the steppe,
although on the border of the Altai chain, is the
focal point of the Altai mines, being not only the
seat of the administration of the mines taken col-
lectively, but also the chief smelting place. The
town is therefore of the greatest importance to the
Altai, since it is to the working of the mines that
that country owes all its civilization, its colonization,
and rapidly growing prosperity. The importance of
those mines is manifest from their production, which
consists chiefly in silver, and exceeds that of any
other portion of the old world, inasmuch as for more
than half a century the estimated amount of silver
annually produced by the Altai mines has been
1000 puds (40,000lb.) or 69,900 Cologne marks.
Besides this, there are annually gained about 12,000
puds (214 tons) of copper, and 20,000 puds (357
tons) of lead.

The relative importance of the mines of the
Altai will be best understood from the following
short table. The quantity of silver yielded an-
nually by

The mines of Nerchinsk, in Eastern Siberia, amounts to	16,500
The Hartz, including the mines of Anhalt and Mannsfeldt	49,900
The Erzgebirg, in Saxony	55,000
The mines of Hungary	62,000

The produce of Peru and Bolivia exceeds in
a tenfold ratio that of the old world, and the
amount of silver yielded by Mexico alone (two
and a half millions of marks annually) is nearly
double the produce of all the rest of the earth.
The total value of the gold and silver yielded
annually by the mines of the Altai, is about
190,000*l.* sterling, of which sum nearly 75 per
cent. may be considered as clear profit.

If it were our purpose to enumerate or to enter
into a detailed account of the mines of the Altai,
to state the results of the chemical analysis of
the ores, to describe their geological position, or
the process of reducing them, we might advan-
tageously extract whole pages from our author.
Wherever mineralogy or metallurgy are in ques-
tion, M. Rose is equally copious and exact.

But we cannot afford to dwell on such techni-
calities, and must rather hasten to lay before our
readers a brief outline of the history, geographical
situation, and peculiar character of the mines of
the Altai.

The mineral wealth of the Ural and the Altai
Mountains appears to have been known and to
have been freely drawn upon in remote antiquity.
Pits and galleries, sometimes of considerable
length, (near the Schlangenberg there is an
ancient excavation extending a thousand feet,) and
belonging to an age anterior to any existing
historical traditions, are found in the vicinity of
all the richest veins. They sometimes contain
relics of ancient mining implements, made of
stone or copper, and a few specimens of sculpture
in stone or metal. In the museum at Barnaul
is a stone sphinx, four feet in length and eighteen
inches wide, which was discovered amidst the
rubbish of one of those ancient mines. It is of
rude workmanship, according to the botanist
Ledebour, to whom we owe our knowledge of
it; but nevertheless, independent of the value
attaching to every memorial of the infancy of
art, these fanciful sculptures found in central
Asia are highly interesting, inasmuch as they
appear to throw a ray of light on some of the
marvellous tales of Ctesias and Herodotus, par-
ticularly the latter, who, speaking of the Arim-
asps, the most easterly Scythian nation of which
he had been able to collect any account, tells us
gravely that their mines of gold were guarded
by Gryphons.

These ancient excavations are ascribed to the
Chudes by the Russians, who have been in a
great many instances conducted by them to the
discovery of the most valuable mineral deposits.
The fame of the great Chudish works in the
Altai Mountains reached them as soon as they
had advanced a little way in the conquest of
Siberia. The name of those mountains, too,
for Altai signifies *golden*, was alone sufficient
to attract them.* Hence several expeditions
were sent by Peter the Great up the Irtys,
to discover gold. In this they failed, but
brought back specimens of rich copper ore from
the Chudish works. In this state of things the
son of that Demidoff, whom we have before
mentioned as the founder of the Uralian mines
(*Athenæum*, No. 485), obtained permission
to open the mines of the Altai. In 1728 he
opened his first mine at Kolywansk, and eleven
years later erected the works, round which has
subsequently arisen the town of Barnaul. A
few years later the gold and silver veins at
Schlangenberg were discovered, and as it was
not permitted to private individuals to work the
noble metals, the Demidoffs were obliged, in
1746, to resign the mines of the Altai to the
crown.

The mining district subject to the authorities
established at Barnaul, extends southwards
about 300 miles towards the Irtys, and the
frontier of Chinese Tatar. The silver mines of
the Schlangenberg, or Snake Mountain, are
situated about 180 miles south of Barnaul. As
the country rises towards the south, its climate
does not grow milder in that direction, but the
winters are at least as severe, and the summers
equally short on the confines of Tatar, as some
hundred miles farther north in Siberia. The hills
are in general but thinly wooded; and hence,
notwithstanding all the difficulties of great dis-
tance and inadequate water-conveyance, the
ores have to be carried down to the smelting-
houses in the lowlands, chiefly to Barnaul.

* It deserves to be remarked that the Golden Mountain, Ektag, on which resided the Khagan of the Turks, is mentioned by the Byzantine historian, Theophanes. Ritter (*Erdkunde*, Vol. II. p. 478), seems to suppose that Ektag is there written erroneously for Altai, but the Greek historian erred merely in confounding the Altai or Golden Mountain with the Aktag, near Samarcand.

The character of the Altai mines, and their moral effects on those engaged about them, appear to us to stand in direct and remarkable contrast with the mines of the New World. The silver ores of the former are extremely poor, containing on an average but a twenty-fifth per cent. of pure metal. The Mexican ores, on the other hand often yield a fourth, seldom less than a sixth per cent. of silver. The ores of the Altai, again, are of the most refractory kind possible, and consummate skill is required in the workmen in order to reduce them. These circumstances, together with the deficiency of fuel, and other local inconveniences, though not capable of daunting practised industry, are sufficient to discourage the spirit of adventure, and the hopes of acquiring sudden wealth, which in the New World constitute the predominant sentiments and motives of the mining districts. The mines of Altai are worked steadily, with sufficient skill and capital, and, supporting a large population, have become the means of introducing industry and cultivation into the heart of Asia. Barnaul has a population of 9000 souls, and the civilization of a European city. The wealth and population of the mining districts further south, increase rapidly. The farmers and miners of the southern valleys, who have the opportunity of trading with the Chinese, wear silks and fine cloth, with gold ornaments and jewellery; and in their habitations and mode of living, manifest an opulence unknown to those of equal rank in Russia.

M. von Humboldt having reached the limits of the Russian dominion, could not resist the temptation of crossing the frontier, and treading the soil of the Celestial Empire. He found the Chinese advanced post of Baty to be composed of two piquets, stationed on either bank of the Irtysh, in tents or Kirghiz yurts. The soldiers were Mongols, permanently cantoned on the frontier; the commanders were Chinese, relieved every three years. The latter received M. von Humboldt, who had previously obtained their permission to advance so far to visit them, in a courteous manner. They were plainly attired, nothing but the peacock's feathers in their caps indicating their rank. The younger of the two, whose liberal and refined demeanor made a very favourable impression on our travellers, gave M. von Humboldt, in return for a present of blue cloth, four volumes which were lying in his tent, and which proved to be the *San-kue-chi*, or History of the Three Kingdoms, a historical romance of great celebrity. The tedious solitude in which the Chinese officers live on the Tatar frontiers, disposes them to favour an intercourse with the Russians, though at some risk to themselves. In 1826, the officers at the same post of Baty, not only gave permission to Ledebour to botanize in the neighbouring mountains, but even offered him guides; and the overjoyed naturalist was on the point of commencing the excursion, when the alarm arrived, that the Chinese General was on his way from the town of Chuguchak to inspect the post; and the strangers were consequently obliged to betake themselves to rapid flight.

With the account of his visit to the tents of the Chinese, our author terminates his first volume. The second will re-conduct us to Europe by the shores of the Caspian sea, and the southern termination of the Uralian chain. Shortly after the return of M. von Humboldt from this journey of nearly 10,000 miles, he was invited to explore Finland or Caucasus, if he preferred the south, under the same circumstances of Imperial patronage; but he declined the munificent offer, wisely preferring to devote his time to the completion of the numerous works which he has commenced in the course of a singularly active scientific life.

Hood's Comic Annual for 1838.

THE publishers of 'The Comic' generally contrive so to time their offering, that it shall arrive at the last moment of the last hour of the most hurrying, worrying day in the week. Here it is, however, and we must "stop the career of laughter with a sigh," and go to work, that we may give our readers a taste of its quality. It opens capitally with 'The Carnaby Correspondence.' We must pass over some excellent letters, that we may come to the touching and affectionate epistles of Master Robert Carnaby. The first is what, at school, is called "the holiday letter."

"Honoured Parent,—As the sight of his native Terra Firma to the hardy Mariner on the pathless waste of the vast expanse of Ocean, so are the filial affections of a Son and School boy to inform we break up on Friday the 21st Instant: when I hope to find Yourself, comprising all my Relations and Friends, enjoying that greatest of Blessings, a state of salubrity.

"When we add to this the pleasing Sensation of scholastic Duties fulfilled with Attention, Industry, and Diligence, accompanied by a preponderating Progress in all juvenile Studies, Objects, and Pursuits, a sanguine expectation is indulged that the parental Sentiments of Satisfaction will be spontaneously conferred on the present half Year, participating however with a due regard to health, comfort, and morals. Indeed it would be precocious to anticipate otherwise by the unrelenting Vigilance and Inculcation evinced by our Guide, Philosopher, and Friend, Doctor Darby and Assistants, as likewise the more than maternal Solitude betrayed by Mrs. Doctor D. who begs Leave to cordially unite with the Same in Respectful Compliments.

"I am happy to say the improvement I have made in the Latin and Greek Tongues, including French and Italian, has been very great and such as I trust to deserve and obtain his Parent's, Master's, Friend's and Wellwisher's warmest approbation and Esteem. And this Reflection will be enhanced to reflect, that by being impressed upon by pious, virtuous, and loyal Principles, every juvenile Member of the Establishment is a firm and uncompromising Supporter and Defender of King, Church and State.

"I will now conclude by giving my best Love to all Relations and Friends, and accept the Same from
"Honoured Parent,

"Your Dutiful and Affectionate Son,
"ROBERT CARNABY."

Master Robert, however, writes with a patent manifold,—a great improvement on the old one, for even the duplicates are original.

"Dear Father,—I hope you won't be angry at writing of my own Accord and if you like you may stop the postage out of what you mean to give me next time, but the other letter was all a flam and didn't speak my real mind. The Doctor frumpt it all up out of his own head, and we all copied it out for all our fathers. What I want to tell you is as the holidays is so nigh, I do wish you would make up your mind for me to be took away for good and all. I don't like the victuals for one thing and besides I am almost sure we are not well taught. The table beer always gives me the stomach ache if I don't tie a string tight round it and I only wish you see some of Mr. Murphy's ruling when he smells so of rum. Another thing is the butter puddings which the fellows call it putty, because it sticks pains in our insides, and sometimes we have stinking beef. Tom Spooner has saved a bit on the sly to show parents, but it's so strong we are afraid it won't keep over the three weeks to the holidays, and we are treated like gally slaves, and hare and hounds is forbid because last time the hare got up behind the Chelmsford Coach and went home to his friends in Leadenhall Market. As for sums we know the ciphering Master has got a Tutors Key because theres a board at the bottom of his desk comes out with a little coaxing, and more than that hes a cruel savage and makes love to Masters daughter, and shes often courted in the school room because its where her father dont come so much as anywheres else. The new Footman is another complaint. The Doctor dont allow him

nothing a year for his wages except his profits out of the boys with fruit and pastery, and besides being rotten and stale, hes riz burnt almonds twice since Micklemas. * * Jackson saved enough to buy a Donkey and then divided him into shares and I had a shilling share but the Doctor were so unjunt as to seize on him also there was no law agin bringing asses to the school. * * Its not my fault then if I am backwards in my Greek and Latin though I have got a Prize for Spelling and Grammar but we all have prizes for something to please our parents where we go home. The only treat we have is reddish out of the garden when they are got old and burning hot and popgunny and them wont last long as masters going to keep pigs. I suppose then we shall have meensly pork to match the stinking beef. The fellows say its because the Doctor swops Stokes's schooling agin butchers meat and as the education is so very bad old Stokes on his part wont send in any better quality. Thats whats called mutual accommodation in the newspapers. Give my love to Mrs. Rumsey with thanks for the plum cake only next time more sweetmeat, and say I am almost sure I sometimes sleep in a damp bed. I am certain sure Mrs. Rumsey would advise you the same as I do, namely for me to be took away, without running more risks, if it was only for fear of Mac Kennis, for hes a regular tyrant and hectors over us all. Hes three parts a nigger and you cant punch his head so as to do any good, and only last Monday he was horsed for wanting to googe little Jones's eyes out and for nothing at all but just looking at his towel to see if the black come off. * * Philip Frank says theres a capital school at Richmond where the Master permits fishing and boating and cigars and gunpowder and poney chaises for only sixty guineas a year. I often think if my poor dear late Mother was alive it is just the genteel sort of School she would like me to be finished off at. But thins as you prefer, and if you will only promise upon your honour to remove me I wont run away. I forgot to say I have very bad head aches sometimes besides the stomach akes and last week I was up in the nursery for being feverish and apotty, and I had to take antimonious wine but nothing made me sick except the gruel. Precious stuff it is and tastes like slate pencil dust and salt. I was in great hopes it was scarlet fever or something catching that I might be sent home to you."

The poor perplexed father, upon receipt of this touching epistle, writes immediately to consult his brother; he acknowledges, at starting, that he is "truly sorry to arrow up his relative feelings," but "the pore fellows too letters the last jist cum to hand, and were sich a blo to fashury felings I have never bean my hone Man ever sin. It appear he hav wel ni bin Starvd. Prays God his pore Muther is cold under the Hearth, it wud spin the rest of hir hashes if so be she cood read his bill of pewtered meet. If she ad a delite hear above it were childrins legs strate And there Bellis wud fill partickly groin up Yuths." He makes sure of his brother's sympathy:—"You too I no you will bleed at Art for the mizriz of yure pore Nery But I hope you will hold up under it tho it be as it wur a thunderboul on us boath."

The brother, however, a retired boatswain, is made of sterner stuff, and the following is an extract from his reply:—

"As for harrowing up my feelings, or ploughing them up either, thank my stars its a stiffer soil than that comes to. * * Likely it is, that a man who has rammed his head, as I have in Africa, into a stuck camel for a secondhand swig at his cistern, would come within sixty degrees of the notion of pitying a lubberly schoolboy for having as much as ever he could swill of sour swipes! Then for bad food, that stinking beef I ever met with was none to be had, good or bad, except the smell of the empty barrel. Thats something like what you call being pincht in my fud. * * Its all very well for pap-boating mothers to admire fat babbies while they're on the lap; but the whole human breed would be spoiled, if Mother Nature did not unspoil it again by sending us now and then to the School of Adversity, without a knife and fork and a spoon. I came in for a quarters learning there myself, in the Desert as aforesaid, and one of the lessons I learnt was from the outsketch

unusually, when you can't get a regular cargo of food, you must go in ballast with old shoes, leather caps, or any other odd matters you can pick up. * * * That your dear Bob has got a rare sweet tooth of his own is as plain as the Pike of Tenerife, for it sticks out like a Barbary wild boar's tusks all through his precious complaints."

The learning, however, is another matter:—

"As for the Latin and Greek, mayhap they're no use to take on about. * * * Still, considering they were paid for as work done, in common honesty my nevy ought to have had them put in his head; or at least something in lieu, such as Navigation or the like. His own mother tongue is quite a different matter; and thereupon I'll give you my mind, upright and downright, of the two School-letters. To be sure the Doctor likes weight of metal, and fires away with the high-sounding words he can get, whereby his meaning is apt to loom bigger than it is, like a fishing-boat in a fog; and where there's such a ground swell of language, a seaman is apt to think there's no great depth of ideas; but bating that, there's nothing to shake a rope's end at, but quite the reverse, especially as to teaching the youngsters to give three cheers for their king and country. Now, Dear Bob's letter-work on the other hand, with its complaints of hard fare, is only fit to be sung by a smiling Swiss beggar boy to his hurdy gurdy; besides many a chafe in the grammar and orthography, and being writ in such a scrambling up and down as if as a drunken purser might scrawl in a gale of wind. Now it's my opinion a landsman that hasn't his hands made as hard as horn with hauling home sheep nor his fingers as stiff and sticky as pitch can make 'em, has it in his power to write as fine penmanship as copperplate except for the want of good will. So that the fault may be set down to my nevy's own account."

The father, who cannot comprehend these figures of speech, indignantly remonstrates: "As for pore Bob, he has no more sweat tuth than all boys is born with, and if he do zite with a bad hand, I never cud rite any grate shacks myself on an emti stomach. But that's what you can't or wont inter into, no moor then I can inter into cammell's imits or hostridges eating their old shues and lether caps."

The boatswain at length determines to visit the doctor, and examine the pupil; and here is his report:—

"Dear Brother, I made this place, namely Rumford, yesterday morning about 10 A.M., and immediately bore away to Socrates House, and asked for my nevy,—but you shall have it logged down all fur and square."

"Well, after a haul at the bell, and so forth, I was piloted into a room, on the ground tier, by the footman, and a pastry-faced son of a land cork he looked sure enough. Where, as soon as may be, Mrs. Doctor Darby joins company, a tight little body enough, all bobbing up and down with curtseys like the buoy at the Nore, and as oily tongued as any rat in the Greenland Docks. By her own account, she rated a step above Mother to six score of boys, big and little, and every man jack of them more made of, and set store by, than if they had been parts of her own live stock. All which hummery would go down with you, and the marines, mayhap, but not with old sailors like me. As for dear Bob, she buttered him of both sides, thick and threefold, as the best, sweetest, dearest, and what not young gentleman of the whole kit, besides finding out a family likeness between him and his uncle, which if it's any feature at all, is all my eye. Next she inquired after you, the worthiest parent she ever knew, not excepting her own father, whereby I blest my stars you were not within hail; or you would have been flabbergasted in no time, with your eyes running like scuppers, and your common senses on their beam ends. At long and last in comes my Nevy himself, as smooth and shining as a new copper; whereby says she, 'I hope you will excuse untidiness, and so forth, because of sending for him just as he stood.' That's how he came no doubt in his Sunday's breeches; besides twiggling the wet soap-suds in his ears. 'Here my sweet love,' she sings out, 'here's your dear kind uncle so good as to come to inquire after your wel-

fare.' So dear Bob heaves ahead, and gets a kiss, not from me tho, and a liquorish lozenge for what she called his nasty hack. Nothing however but a cholic with parched peas, as he owned to afterwards. 'Now, then, Nevy,' says I, 'what cheer—how do you like your berth?' when up jumps madam like a scalded cat; and no or yes, I must drink the favour of a glass of Sherry. Rank Cape, John, as ever was shipped. Then Master Robert, bless him, must have a leetle glass too, but provided I approve, and a ration of sweet cake. Whereby says she, 'Now I will leave you to your mutual confidences'—as looked all fair and above board enough, if I had not made out a foot near the door. And in the twinkling of a hand-spoke in sails Dr. Darby himself, with as many scrapes to me as if I was Port Admiral: and as anxious about my old gout,—for I've got an easy shoe for a buncheon—as if he'd been intimate with it in my great-grandfather's time. Well we palavered a bit about the French news, and the weather, and the crops, whatever you like let alone book learning; but that was not my course, so I ran slap aboard him at once with an ask to see the school. As I looked for, he was took all aback; however Madam wasn't thrown so dead in the wind, but jumped up to the bell tackle, and after a bit of a whisper with the servant, we got under weigh for the school; but contrived to land somehow in the kitchen, with a long row of quartern leaves drawn up on a dresser to receive us, like a file of marines. Then Madam begins to spin a long yarn about plain food, but plenty of it, for growing youths—dear Bob's very lathy, John, for all that,—and then comes the Doctor's turn to open with a preachment on animal foods, and what will digest, and what won't; tho' for my own part, I never met with any meat but would do it in time, more or less. So by way of clapping a stopper I made bold to remind that time is short the life is long, and thereby luffing slap up to my Nevy, 'Bob,' says I, 'what's the variation of the compass?' So Master Bob turns it about a abut, and then says he, 'Why, it's one leg shorter than t'other.' Which is about as nigh it, Brother, as you are to Table Bay! Any how it gave the Doctor a bad fit of coughing, which his wife caught of him as natural as if it had been the hooping sort—at last says she, 'maybe Master Robert has not progressed yet into navigation.' 'Maybe not, Ma'am,' says I, 'and so we'll try on another tack.—Nevy, what's metaphysics?' 'Brimstone and Treacle,' says Bob, as ready as gunpowder, and the lady looked as satisfied as Bob did—but the Doctor had another bad fit, and good reason why, for there's no more physic in metaphysics than a baby might take in its pap. By this time we were going up stairs, but lay-to awhile alongside a garden pump on the landing to have a yarn about dowsing glims, and fire guards, and going the rounds at night; and as dear Bob hung astern, I yawned, and let fly at him again with 'What's the religion?' 'The colic on Sundays,' says he, as smart as you like; tho' what he meant by colic the Old Gentleman knows. However both the Doctor and Madam pulled a pleasant face at him, and looked as pleased as if he had found out the longitude; but that was too fine weather to last, for thinks I, in course he can carry on a little further on that board, so says I, 'Bob, what's the main-top-gallant rule of Christianity?' 'Six weeks at Christmas,' says he, as bold as brass from getting encouraged before. So you see, John, he don't know his own persuasion. In course we were all at wry faces again; but the Doctor had the gumption to shove his out of a window, and sing out an order to nobody in the back yard. As for Madam, she shot ahead into the sleeping rooms, where I saw half a hundred of white dimity-cots, two warming-pans, and nine clothes baskets.—Master Robert's berth among the rest. Next we bore away by a long passage to the kitchen again, where two rounds of boiled beef had been put to officer the quartern leaves, and so through the washery and pot-and-pannery into the garden ground, where I came in for as long a yarn about the wholesomeness of fresh vegetables and salads, as if the whole crew of youngsters had been on the books with the scurvy. From the cabbages we got to the flower-beds; and says the Doctor, 'I don't circumscribe, or circumvent, one or t'other; I don't circumvent my pupils to scholastical works, but encourage perusing the book of Nature.' That's very correct, then, Doctor, said I, 'and my own senti-

ment exactly. Nevy, what's Natural Philosophy?'—'Keeping rabbits,' says Bob; which sounds likely enough, but it's not the thing by sixty degrees. I can't say but I felt the cats'-paws coming over my temper; but I kept it under till we fetched the paddock, to look at the cows; and that brought up another yarn about milk-dieting; and says Madam, 'when summer comes, our Doctor is so good as to permit the young gentlemen to make his hay.'—'No doubt alive, Ma'am,' says I, 'saves hands, and good fun too, eh nevy?—What's Agriculture?' However this time dear Bob chose to play sulky, and wouldn't answer good or bad; whereby the Doctor crowds up, with a fresh question. 'Now, then, Master Robert,' says he pretty sharp, 'I will ask you something you do know. What is Algebra.'—'Algebra?'—'Please Sir,' says Bob, 'it's a wild donkey all over stripes.'—'There's a dear boy!' cries Madam, the more fool she; but old Darby looked as black as thunder at midnight. 'I'm afraid,' says he, letting go the topknots, as one may say, of his eyebrows: 'I'm afraid there has been a little slackness here with the cat; but, by your leave, Sir, and so forth, I will investigate a little into it myself. Now Master Robert take a pull at your mental tackle, for I'm going to overhaul your Mathematics:—How do you describe a triangle?'—'Please Sir,' says Bob, 'it's the thing that tingle-tangle to the big drum.' Well, there was the devil to pay again, and no pitch hot! Old Darby looked as if he meant either to drop down dead on the spot of apoplexy, or to murder dear Bob. * * * Then came my turn, so I asked who was the discoverer of America? and may I never break biscuit again, if he didn't say 'Yankee Doodle!' Well, to cut off the end of a long yarn, * * * I prepared a broadside, with a volley of oaths to it, by way or small arms; but before I could well bring it to bear, the Doctor hauls out his watch, and says he, 'it's extremely bad luck, but there's a voting this morning for a parish beadle, and I make a point not to let my private duties get to windward of my public ones.' So saying, with a half-and-half sort of a bow, to me, he cut and run; Madam getting athwart hawse so as to cover his getting off. In course it was no use to waste speech upon her; but I made bold to d—n the whole covey of under-masters, in the lump, as a set of the sharkingest, logger-headed, flute-playing, skulking, lubberly sons of grinning weavers and tailors that ever broke bread. So the finish over all is, that I took my nevy away, traps and all."

We have no time this week to be critical, and must therefore take what comes to hand; but it is not often that we stumble in this way on anything so good as—

The Green Man.

Tom Simpson was as nice a kind of man as ever lived—at least at number Four, in Austin Friars, in Mrs. Brown's first floor, At fifty pounds,—or thereabouts,—per ann. The Lady reckon'd him her best of lodgers. His rent so punctually paid each quarter,—He did not smoke like nasty foreign codgers,—Or play French horns like Mr. Rogers.—Or talk his flirting nonsense to her daughter,—Not that the girl was light behaved or courtable.—Still on one falling tenderly to touch. The Gentleman did like a drop too much, (Tho' there were many such) And took more Port than was exactly portable. In fact,—to put the cap upon the nippie, And try the charge,—Tom certainly did tiddle.

Once in the company of merry mates, In spite of Temperance's ifs and buts, So sure as Eating is set off with plates, His drinking always was bound up with cuts!

Howbeit, such Bacchanalian revels Bring very sad catastrophes about.

Poor Simpson! what a thing occurred to him! 'Twas Christmas—he had drunk the night before,—Like Huxley, who so 'went beyond his last'—One bottle more, and then one bottle more, Till oh! the red-wine Ruby-con was pass'd! And homeward, by the short small chimies of day, With many a circumbendibus to spare,

For instance, twice round Finsbury Square, To use a fitting phrase, he sound his way.

Then comes the rising, with repentance bitter, And all the nerves,—(and sparrows)—in a twitter, Till settled by the sober Chinese cup: The hands, o'er all, are members that make motions, A sort of waverling, just like the ocean's, Which has its swell, too, when it's getting up—An awkward circumstance enough for elves Who shave themselves;

And Simpson just was ready to go thro' it,
When lo! the first short glimpse within the glass—
He jump'd—and who alive would fail to do it?—
To see, however it had come to pass,
One section of his face as green as grass!

In vain each eager wipe,
With soap—without—wet—hot or cold—or dry,
Still, still, and still, to his astonished eye
One cheek was green, the other cherry ripe!
Plump in the nearest chair he sat him down,
Quaking, and quite absorb'd in a deep study,—

But verdant and not brown,—
What could have happened to a tint so ruddy?
Indeed it was a very novel case.

By way of penalty for being jolly,
To have that evergreen stuck in his face,
Just like the windows with their Christmas holly.

'All claret marks,'—thought he—Tom knew his forte—
'Are red—this colour CANNOT come from Port!'

One thing was plain; with such a face as his,
Twas quite impossible to ever greet
Good Mrs. Brown.

—So he tied up his head,
As with raging tooth, and took to bed:
Of course with feelings far from the serene,
For all his future prospects seemed to be,
To match his customary tea,
Black, mixt with green.

Meanwhile, good Mrs. Brown
Wondered at Mr. S. not coming down,
And sent the maid up stairs to learn the why;
To whom poor Simpson, half delirious,

Returned an answer so mysterious
That curiosity began to fry;
The more, as Betty, who had caught a snatch
By peeping in upon the patient's bed,
Reported a most bloody, tied-up head,
Got over-night of course—'Harm watch, harm catch,'
From Watchmen in a boxing-match.

So, liberty or not,—
Good lodgers are too scarce to let them off in
A suicidal coffin—

The dame ran up as fast as she could trot;
Appearance,—'fiddle-sticks!' should not deter
From going to the bed,
And looking at the head;

La! Mister S—, he need not care for her!

A married woman that had had
Nine boys and gals, and none had turned out bad—
Her own dear late would come home late at night

And liquor always got him in a fight.
She'd been in hospitals—she wouldn't faint
At gores and gashes fingers wide and deep;
She knew what's good for bruises and what ain't—
Turlington's Drops She made a pint to keep.
Cases she'd seen beneath the surgeon's hand—
Such skull's Japann'd—she meant to say trepann'd!

Hereat she pluck'd the white cravat aside,
And lo! the whole phenomenon was seen—
'Preserve us all! He's going to gangrene!'

Alas! through Simpson's brain
Shot the remark, like ball, with mortal pain;
It tallied truly with his own misgiving,
And brought a groan.

To move a heart of stone—
A sort of farewell to the land of living!
And as the case was imminent and urgent,
He did not make a shadow of objection
To Mrs. B.'s proposal for a 'surgent.'

Swift flew the summons,—it was life or death!
And in as short a time as he could race it,
Came Doctor Puddicombe, as short of breath,
To try his Latin charms against *Hic Jacet*,
He took a seat beside the patient's bed,
Saw tongue—felt pulse—examined the bad cheek,—
Poked, strok'd, pinch'd, kneaded it—hemm'd!—shook
his head—

Took a long solemn pause the cause to seek,
(Thinking, it seem'd, in Greek.)
Then ask'd—'twas Christmas—Had he eaten grass,
Or greens—and if the cook was so improper
To boil them up with copper,
Or farthings made of brass;

Or if he drank his Hock from dark green glass,
Or dined at City Festivals, whereat
There's turtle, and green fat?

To all of which, with serious tone of woe,
Poor Simpson answered 'No.'
The Doctor was at fault;

A thing so new quite brought him to a halt.
Cases of other colours came in crowds.

Black with Black Jaundice he had seen the skin;
From Yellow Jaundice yellow,
From saffron tints to sallow.

Ev'n those eruptions he had never seen
Of which the Caledonian Poet spoke,
As 'rashes growing green!'

'Phoo! phoo! a rash grow green!
Nothing of course but a broad Scottish joke!
Then as to flaming visages, for those
The Scarlet Fever answer'd, or the Rose—
But verdant! that was quite a novel stroke!

So matters stood in-doors—meanwhile without,
Growing in like all other rumours,
The modern miracle was buzz'd about.

'Green faces!' so they all began to comment—
'Yes—opposite to Druggists' lighted shops,
But that's a flying colour—never stops—
A bottle-green, that's vanish'd in a moment.

Green! nothing of the sort occurs to mind—
Nothing at all to match the present piece;
Jack in the Green has nothing of the kind—
Green-grocers are not green, nor yet green geese!
The oldest Supercargoes or Old Sailors
Of such a case had never heard.

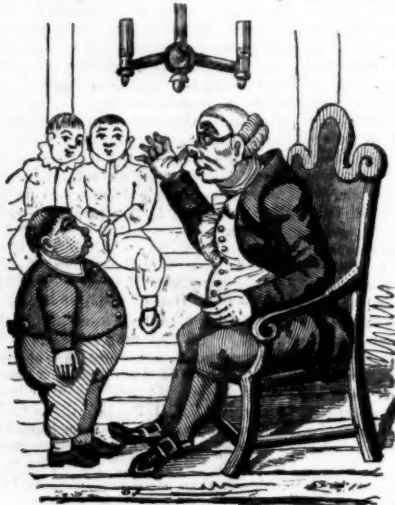
From Emerald Isle to Cape de Verd;
'Or Greenland!' cried the whalers.
All tongues were full of the Green Man, and still
They could not make him out, with all their skill;
No soul could shape the matter, head or tail—
But Truth steps in where all conjectures fail.

A long half hour, in needless puzzle,
Our Galen's cane had rubbed against his muzzle;
He thought, and thought, and thought, and thought,
and thought—

And still it came to nought,
When up rush'd Betty, loudest of Town Criers,
'Lord, Ma'am, the new Police is at the door!

It's B, Ma'am, Twenty-four,—
As brought home Mister S. to Austin Friars,
And says there's nothing but a simple case—
He got that 'ere green face
By sleeping in the kennel near the Dyer's!'

The wood-cuts must speak for themselves.
As we have said a good deal lately on the subject
of education, the first two may be thought to
have some special reference to Schools and
Colleges.



CRAMMED FOR EXAMINATION.



RECRIMINATION.

"BLESS ME, HOW BALD YOU ARE!"
"YES—I WAS FLUCKED AT COLLEGE."

"WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU IN MY STEEL TRAP?"

Portrait
With
Fair
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us, we
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miration
daught
however
Mr. Bos
London
commen
The viol
And hys
bel
A history
Her eyes
Where so
sil
Her eyes
With all
The swee
To love
I feel the
How man
for
To think
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To think
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And yet
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of Lad
Wortle
for Ma
Smith,
Self-
Mind;
Difficu
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of all a
miles,

Portraits of the Children of the Nobility, &c. &c.
With Illustrations in Verse. Edited by Mrs.
Fairlie. First Series.

The idea of varying the modish array of annual picture-books, by introducing one devoted exclusively to the beauty, simplicity, and innocence of childhood, was a very happy one. Here, however, as in many other cases, performance has hardly kept pace with design. By this we do not mean that Messrs. Chalon, Bostock, and Macle, have not "done their spiriting gently,"—that their groups and single portraits are not, with few exceptions, prettily fancied and carefully drawn,—we mean that the beauty, simplicity, and innocence, just mentioned, show but faintly among the knots and flounces, and braids and feathers, with which they are here encumbered; that, in short, whether in dress or in character, there is too much of the grown man and woman in these portraits, which are immeasurably inferior, in artistic treatment, to many similar groups and figures by Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Lawrence. Perhaps, however, as experience ought, long ere this, to have taught us, we should not look for art in its purest and most poetical forms among the drawing-room books. We will, therefore, record our admiration of the portrait of Lord Canterbury's daughter, as the gem of the book; she might, however, have worn a hoop when she sat to Mr. Bostock, according to this engraving. Miss London's illustrative lines, too, are better in their commencement than their close.

Her hands are filled with early flowers, the lily and the rose,
The violet, that at the foot of some old ash tree grows;
And hyacinths, the deep, the blue, within whose purple
bells,

A history of the olden time, a classic sorrow dwells.

Her eyes are not upon them—her deep and earnest eyes,
Where something not like childhood's thought in shadowy
silence lies;

Her eyes are not upon them; and yet they fill her soul,
With all the dreaming fancies that own their sweet control.

The sweet control of nature, it teacheth that fair child,
To love the true and beautiful, the dreaming and the wild;
And those downcast lashes oft drop unbidden tears:
How many things are in that face for anxious hopes and
fears!

To think,—to feel,—alas! how much is said in these brief
words!

The music and the misery of Life's divinest chords.

To think,—to feel,—it is that makes the suffering on this
earth,

And yet they are immortal signs of an immortal birth.

Don that young and serious brow is feeling and is thought,
With all the dreaming poetry by summer blossoms brought:
What hath the future in its hours, thou gentle girl! for
thee?

As anxious and a lovely thing that opening mind will be.

These are the hopes that rise at first upon the skylark's
wing,

Alas! unlike that skylark's song, they sadden as they sing,
The generous confidence that writes upon life's first bright
line,

The kindly impulses that make the fervid heart a shrine,
Long may they linger at thy side: for hope, and youth, and
love,

These are the angels that bring down their heaven from
above,
A blessing holy, infinite, beneath such presence lives;
To time, if that fair face but keeps the promise that it gives.

Among the other illustrations which have pleased us, we should mention Sir William Osmerville's little daughter, stretching upward on tiptoe to reach the keys of a pianoforte. Two of the daughters of the Duke of Beaufort, the one tricked out in a scarf, and dancing, the other laughing as she looks on admiringly, by Chalon, also deserve honourable mention. The subjects are accompanied by short poems from the pens of Lady Blessington, the Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, the Editress, the Honourable Member for Maidstone, Mr. H. L. Bulwer, Mr. James Smith, and Captain Marryat.

Self-Formation; or, the History of an Individual Mind; intended as a Guide for the Intellect through Difficulties, to Success, by a Fellow of a College.—It has been ascertained by minute naturalists, that of all animals, from man to Mr. Crosse's last batch of mines, your new-fledged Master of Arts is the most

conceited, and your "Fellow of a College" the most consequential. From the volumes before us, we should conclude that the author stands in both these predicaments; for a more awful manifestation of self-esteem gone astray, than their pages "develop," has rarely been witnessed by the most successful phrenology hunter. The renowned "P. P., clerk of this parish," was but a type of him. For a moment, we were the dupes of the title, and expected that self-formation would afford a step in advance towards a sound philosophy of mind, and that some practical application might be founded on it, tending to forward that most important branch of education, which is derived from individual character. We overlooked the fact, that a philosopher having anything new to offer the world, would sink the "Fellow of a College," and would refrain from committing *alma mater*, by laying the offence at her door. We were soon convinced of our error; and satisfied that a lengthy and proxy retrospect of a schoolboy's life and experiences, (interspersed indeed with here and there a judicious reflection, buried like the needle in a bottle of hay,) would prove the sum and substance of the entire work. What the learned Fellow saw in himself, thus to extend "Philosophy, teaching by (his own) example," through two octavo volumes, it is not for us to determine: we leave that to his own conscience. Let us, however, be just: we do not mean to say, that a schoolmaster may not pick up some useful hints from the work, if he have time and patience to wade through it. Within its very limited sphere, there is a good deal of that common sense, which is not so very common as it is imagined; but there is nothing deep, nothing original. The author does not seem even to doubt that his own efforts at self-instruction may have come from without, and have been the pure results of the circumstances in which he was placed, and of the influences to which he was exposed.

The Bench and the Bar, by the Author of 'Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons.'—The writer under notice, has acquired the fashionable facility of producing the largest possible number of printed pages, in the least conceivable space of time. Here are two more volumes from his pen, devoted to the Courts of Law, and the notable personages who are figuring, or have recently figured therein. Some among his pen-and-ink pictures of judges, serjeants, and barristers, are pleasantly hit off—and they are interspersed with anecdotes fresh and stale: a few of these ranging as far back as the now forgotten Percy collection. An increased vagueness of description and remark is apparent in this work, which is inevitable to a writer who produces so quickly, and who undertakes such wholesale subjects, that, to complete his task, he must of necessity, have recourse to hearsay and conjecture. Some of the sketches have already appeared in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, and from a few words at the conclusion of 'The Bench and the Bar,' we gather, that the practitioners in the Ecclesiastical Courts, and the Central Criminal Courts, Old Bailey, have been reserved for the "pencilings" of a future day.

List of New Books.—Martin's Colonial Library, 10 vols. 8s. 3s. 6d. cl.—Gems of British Poets, (Chaucer to Goldsmith), 32mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Gems of British Poets, (Sacred), 32mo. 5s. 6d. cl.—Erskine's Doctrine of Election Illustrated, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—Poole's Sermons on the Apostles' Creed, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Morgan's First Principles of Surgery, Parts 1 & 2, 8vo. 5s. each.—Verity on the Nervous System, roy. 12mo. 4s. cl.—Himalayan Landscape Album, 4to. 2s. 2s.—Napoleon Medals, with Historical Notes, folio, 3s. 13s. 6d. cl.—Markham's Sermons for Children, 3s. 1s. 6d.—Furneaux's abridged History of Treaties of Peace, 8vo. 12s.—Walingham, or the Ruined Gamester, by Captain Chamier, 3 vols. 8s. 3s. 6d.—Beauty's Customs, 4to. 2s. plain. 2s. 2s. col.—Southey's Poetical Works, Vol. II., 12mo. 5s.—Riddell's Letter of an Absent Godfather, 12mo. 6s.—First Book of Algebra, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Companion to Euclid, by a Graduate, 8s. 4s.—Luther and his Times, by the Rev. J. E. Riddle, 8s. 5s.—Juvenile Budget, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, sq. 16mo. 5s.—Ingalls's Rambles in the Footsteps of Don Quixotte, with Illustrations by George Cruikshank, 8s. 8vo. 2s.—Hints on Servants, by a Bachelor, 8mo. 1s. cl.—Burge's Commentaries on Colonial and Foreign Laws, 4 vols. 8vo. 6d. 6s.—Nolan's Warburton Lectures, 8vo. 15s.—Aldine Poets, Vol. XXXVIII., (Gray), roy. 18mo. 5s.—Hall's (Bp.) Contemplations, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.—Pastoral Echo, Vol. I., 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Church of England Preacher, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Prichard's Physical History of Mankind, Vol. II., 8vo. 15s.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]—BIBLIOTHECA DISSERTORIUM ET MINORUM LIBRORUM—INDEX LIBRORUM BIBLIOPOLII, I. A. WEIGEL, LEIPSIG.—To be had at, and orders received by, J. J. Ewer and Co., Bow Churchyard.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Berlin.

I shall now proceed with my skeleton-account of the Museum.

Thirteen cabinets are devoted to the masters of Middle and Lower Italy, including their disciples also, their imitators, shadows, copyists, of all nations. We have here some good specimens of the Fesulan school, by Fra Beato its founder, and his pupil Cosimo Roselli, who is seen to so much advantage in his earlier productions, before papal cockering spoiled him. I would particularize a 'Last Judgment': three angels in front, by Frate's own hand, are, of a truth, Beatitudes; for the expression of pure and imperturbable joy which illuminates their visages, as well as the gentle buoyancy of their step, which seems to denote them lifted from within through the lightness of their hearts, tell that they have no weight of sin to depress them. This may be called *re-mancing* by the frosty lips of cynicism, by your "practical" people, begotten in cold blood; if it were so indeed—to me it is bare descriptive justice! I should wish them capable of a like ridiculous enthusiasm; for a picture by Fra Beato, seen with a fervent spirit of admiration, makes the observer inevitably a *better man*: it raises and purifies his mind, at least during the moment, soothes his temper, quiets his passions, showing him the bliss of goodness in those sweet paradisaical faces, and, what Plato had dreamt of before, how beautiful Virtue would be thought were she corporeally visible. Roselli has done the diabolical part of the picture; Frate was of a nature too mild and benevolent ever to paint Wickedness in its proper colours, as all his attempts prove. I must particularize also Roselli's 'Coronation of the Virgin': amidst disagreeable clear-obscure and composition, several sweet and noble countenances of Seraphim gleam forth, while the Virgin's movement is ineffably graceful. Following these are several works by the grave, stern patriarchs and dignitaries of art, Signorelli, Spinello, Ghirlandajo: small pretended and possible Giotto's; with a varied chronological series in the distinctive styles of Tuscany and Umbria, from the Giotteschi down to the Carracci. This, perhaps, is the most valuable part of the collection to a student either in art or amateurship: but it would altogether shock our English taste, the *modishness* of any modern, which relishes nothing half so much as portraits of Right Honourables and Dishonourables, dressed for Saint James's and Almack's, or landscapes coloured like a set of ribbons—unless it be a "bit of effect" in the jet-black style of Rembrandt, or a piece of maudlin sentiment after that of the Englishman's "darling"—Carlo Dolce. I shall therefore pass on, without specifying, to the less antique: perhaps our taste public will have a "drop of patience" with me while I devote some few words to Raffael's father. A large picture of the Virgin and Child enthroned, between Saints, is given, as well by its epigraph (IO SANCTIS VRBI P.), as by the learned Dr. Wagen, and by the artistic antiquarian Rumohr (*Italienische Forschungen* III. 23), to Giovanni Sanzio, father of Raffaello. Now if this pretension be just, it does little less than overthrow the whole historical structure of Roman art from its floor, if not from its undermost basis: Raffael is no longer the fountain-head of reformation to that art, but Giovanni. Here, in this picture, which likewise we are to understand as but one of several similar at Urbino, the Perugin-esque, or old, dry Roman style, is completely deserted: deserted at least to a far wider extent than by any of Raffael Sanzio's earlier paintings. The colouring is soft and suffused; the outline not at all hard; the modelling broad; the drapery large, loose, and long, altogether unlike the scantiness, succinctness, and broken-up composition of Perugino's; the forms have none of his meagreness, or parched appearance (at all events till Giovanni's death, 1494);—his favourite type, the fiddle-shape as I may call it, which entered almost all his faces, hands, feet, vanishes into the oval, or nearly: all the antiquer styles, as well as Perugino's, are left behind. We must change our epochs in the history of painting, if this picture be a genuine Giovanni: the modern Roman style must have begun earlier than Raffael. To me, indeed, the work seems a deal too modern; I should take it for an imitation of the olden manner, in the decadence of art, by some hand

which could not put off all its subordinate address and feeble adroitness. There is no reconciling it with Giovanni's picture at the Brera, quite of the primitive times for naïveté and impotence of execution: unless by doubting the latter work, which Rumohr accordingly does: but if this irreconcilability owe itself to advancement of style, and that the Berlin picture is but a later one by Giovanni Sanzio—or by him at all—I think it must follow that he had reached a pitch of art which Raffael did not attain until many years after, being but eleven when his father died. Moreover the boy-figure, not more than five years old, in this picture, is said to be the portrait of little Raffael, born 1483; whence, the said advancement of style would have taken place before 1488, which long precedes the date of Raffael's 'Sposalizio,' called by Lanzi, after Vasari, "le primizie del nuovo stile," or any other possible initial work of his new manner. I would, however, risk my small dilettante reputation that Raffael was, notwithstanding this, the real innovator upon the older style,—its true reformer; and that Giovanni no more painted a figure in the modern-antique ascribed to him, than he did the man in the moon. As a whole revolution of pictorial history is contained within the point, I thought it worth while setting before the reader: with a hope too that it may tempt those profound connoisseurs above mentioned, to reconsider their opinion.

Of Raffael himself there are here no less than seven reputed works; two may pass as certain, five possible. One of the former, a *Virgin and Child* is the celebrated Colonna Raffael: according to catalogue painted in the last period of the Florentine epoch, between 1607 and 8; according to Rumohr a year earlier; and probably that picture of which Vasari says Ridolfo Ghirlandaio finished "un panno azzurro," which Mariette and Bottari understand of the *Belle Jardiniere*, a somewhat crude hypothesis. Its general tone is a light pale red: no little faded, as appeared to me, and in parts retouched; both positions, however, manfully denied by a far better judge than I am, my friend Dr. Waagen: the colours were indeed laid on very thin, and the pencilling was very light from the first. Like most of Raffael's madonna pictures, it fails in divinity of character, in deep religious sentiment, while it overflows with human beauty and sweetness of expression: as a *Nymph and Boy* it is quasi-perfection; but the very charm of that little hand fondling with the golden-haired girl's breast-ribbon, degrades it as a sacred picture, destroys it as a shrine even for the bedchamber. Those who have seen the *Couper Madonna* may form a good idea of this its pendant, as well for execution (belonging to the same period), as for conception; save that the child there, the *Virgin* here, is slightly affected, in M. Passavant's opinion, who also considers the *Penshanger* work well preserved, which can scarce be said of a single other Raffael picture. Quite different is the other Berlin original, an *Adoration of the Kings*; though every figure seems inhabited by the spirit of gracefulness herself, still its "mystical" nature predominates; it addresses the heart and inner feelings more than the sensuous affections. Even the pulse of a satyr would keep less unruly time whilst contemplating the loveliness of those two kneeling angels, for there is a purification of the mind in the worship of spotless beauty. This was the Ferentillo altar-piece, transferred from damp to the *Ancarani* chapel at Spoleto, whence its present name; I saw no reason on the canvas against the picture being by Raffael, nor have met any good one elsewhere. It has been engraved very handsomely, but not well, by Eichens, at Berlin, 1836. Its condition is very curious: having been painted in size-colours, on linen, the damp has detached one-half the design, and left only the chalk design that was beneath them; if allowed to remain so, it would be invaluable to a student, but the picture cleaners of Berlin are unfortunately adepts, whereby much is to be feared, and much past fearing, for the collection. Round the frame are painted, at the four corners, two saints and two sibyls, with arabesques along the sides; most part of these unmercifully restored. The style of workmanship is all but Raffael's earliest, and before that of the *Sposalizio*. In his very earliest, i.e. not absolutely identical with Perugino's, we are to consider, on good suspicion, another Berlin picture,—one among the

possible five: a *Virgin with the two Children* and two Angels, worthy of Raffael when his genius was freshest from heaven, for grace, divine beauty, and expression, but ill-coloured, even as distemper, and spoiled in this respect, yet more by other hands than his own. A second only of the possible five shall I advert to, because said to have formed part of the *predella* for the Vatican 'Coronation of the Virgin,' registered as genuine by Vasari: it consists of three parts, Christ sitting before a cross, and two separate Bishops, the patrons of Perugia, beautiful in design, taste, expression; and seemed to me about as much Raffael as Mr. Miles's 'Bearing the Cross,' (another portion of a *predella*), but not more so. Indeed, there are documents to prove that the picture was completed by Raffael's scholars, which appears to countenance a doubt of more than the design being his own, in the first-mentioned *predella*. To quit this labyrinth of antiquarianism: a work of much historical mark, because one of the few known to have been painted in partnership by Fra Bartolomeo and Mariotto Albertinelli, is the famous 'Assumption,' from the Acciajuoli palace. Lanzi gives the upper part to Fra, the lower to Mariotto, which Dr. Waagen considers an exact inversion of the truth, by the names being accidentally transposed; a very probable hypothesis, as the Saints beneath are quite in Il Frate's sweet pure tone of colouring, and monastic character of expression, while the rubicund cherubs above do not betray a tint of his mind or his pencil. There is a large Old Francia here, but I have seen him greater in a tithe of the canvas. Savoldo's 'Venetian Beauty,' a sly-looking Sister, who has turned up her drapery, of a rich brown, to shade her warmer complexion, may be called good as a popular picture; but it debases into the herd of commonplace grovellers after fame, the artist who could take such a lofty station as he did in his sublime work at Milan. One of the grandest productions in the Berlin Gallery is a *Presentation* by Lorenzo Costa: from its rich sombreness and splendid solemnity of tone, the columnar stillness and perspective of its majestic figures ranged down the immense canvas, it seems a chancel in itself, where the light is thrown back as from a stained window, and bronzes the whole area before it with a melancholy lustre. The elders and other holy assistants at the rite are themselves impressive by their attitudes and regards: a female with a sacred vessel in her hand has great beauty of movement. This is truly a cathedral picture, and requires an aisle of distance to give its dimensions, actual and moral, full effect, instead of being cabined up as it is here, like the Swiss Mountains in a showbox. As to the Decadent Italian schools, no penury of Carracci and Caravaggi pictures (in what "great collection" is there?); but few come under anything better than the common gallery formula of encomium. I might except perhaps a *St. Bartholomew* by Spagnoletto, really fine from its lustrous silver-brown colouring, warm Giorgionesque light and shade, not pushed, as usual with this limner, to the clair-obscur of an illuminated coal-mine, and from its very powerful handling, the real forte of Ribera. Murillo's *St. Antony with the little Christ*, in his free, mingled, gray-green and pink style, is remarkable; as likewise *St. Joseph and the Child-Christ*, for, being by Sassoferrato, the Roman Carlo Dolce, yet unaffected in colour, and of a simple antique grandeur in the sentiment. No Guido or Domenichino here much better painted than the wainscot.

Her Old-Flemish department, however, is the Berlin Museum's great boast, especially her Van Eyck wing-pictures. These are, as some readers may need to be told, the complements of that celebrated centre-piece still at St. Bavon's Church, in Ghent, executed by the brothers Hubert and John Van Eyck, A.D. 1432, i.e. about twenty years after their invention or improvement of oil-painting. This chef-d'œuvre, not only of Old-Flemish, but Old-European pictorial workmanship, wherein was set forth the sacred mystery drawn from Revelation, 'The Adoration of the Lamb,' folded up in eight leaves, upon the centre-table, which itself consisted of four partitions: each shutter or leaf aforesaid was painted on both sides, whence there were twenty representations in all. Six of the leaves were bought for 6000 francs (about 240l.) in 1817, by a picture-monger, while the Bishop was absent, it is said, as a sufficient

excuse: Mr. Solly paid 100,000 for them and some other old works; Prussia five times this sum for the Solly collection, including them. She thus possesses twelve large Van Eyck pictures, such another painting as few rooms are provided with on either side of the Elbe. Where were our purchasers in 1817? Why, mousing through Rotterdam and Amsterdam for little Miries and Hobbemas, or ransacking Italy for huge black-and-blue Guercinos! What were they about in 17, forsooth? They were exchanging acres of land against acres of tarpaulin smutched on by Calabrese, felling patrimonial oaks to swap for three pollard willows in a paddock by Paul Potter! But let that pass—six of the twelve Van Eycks aforesaid comprise an 'Annunciation' with two *Prophets* above; the two *Saints John*; and the two portraits of the *Donors*: these are painted on the outside of the shutters, and though very admirable for character and design, and depth of purpose, are only the second most wonderful shutter-panels in the world—those on their reverses being the first. Here are six other partitions, one series representing the *Soldiers of Christ*—the *Righteous Judges*—the *Hermits*—the *Pilgrims*—all coming to adore the Lamb; and a second, above this, representing the *Jubilate Angels* on two panels, that choir lifting up their voices in hosanna, this accompanying the hymn with musical instruments. These pictures, though not all by the same hand, are all of the same exquisite finish; the most amorous elaboration of pencil, quite distinct from mere mechanical task-work; and the most refreshing transparency, after the foul and ferruginous atmosphere which in Ghent reined over them for four hundred years. Their azures, greens, and crimsons, like richest jewels reduced to pure and many-coloured water, which swam and stayed itself in lucid mirrors on the various parts of the surface, seem rather waved thither by the magician-painter's wand—his pencil, than spread: scarce a touch rises from the general level to betray that the tints were successive: yet no work can have less of the lichen appearance so usual and so hateful in smooth execution. There are patches, to be sure, not altogether pleasing, on this the general complexion: such as now and then a hotness of flesh colour, and an expressiveness passing into grimace, for instance, among the vocal Angels, perhaps from neglect of a maxim considered too trite for quotation, yet as ignominiously transgressed, even to this day, as if it were no more familiar to us than a law of the New Atlantis—*nil ne quid nimis*. Depth of expression, however, is not the palmist quality in Van Eyck, but rather to be sought in Vander Weyde or Memling. Of the former there exist some admirable fragments at the Brussels Museum, and one great picture here: an old-fashioned rude thing, called a *Deposition*, that teems with simple pathos, every head, every attitude, homely and ungraceful as it may be, dignified with the grandeur of profound sorrow; if we except that of the Magdalen who sines against the maxim above mentioned,—her body seeming bent on the internal rack of agony, which dislocates all her member. Old Rogier's wish to depict the writhing of intense heart-torture somewhat outwent his power to do so with classic propriety; yet even his Magdalen, if no Niobe, offends against decorum far less than Rubens's aliphod luscious hussies that give a loose at once to their tears and stay-laces at the foot of the cross. This picture has been retouched, but the original colours preserve their hue as clear and bright as those of the unclouded heavens, and promise to do so nearly as long.

Another series of excellent Old Flemish paintings in this division are those by Hemmelinck, or Hemling, or Memling, as the critics now write it; or, perhaps, *Memlynck*, as he wrote it himself upon one of these very works. They count seven in number, but one, a *Crucifixion*, though equal to his style, is not similar, and a second, the *Tiburtine Sibyl*, though similar, is not quite equal. Dr. Waagen conjectures the former a *Mabuse* of the earlier and better time, I believe from its likeness to the Methuen painting under that name; and will perhaps quote it as such in the next edition of his catalogue. Its tone is paler, its colouring more unpasted, with broader forms, and not less finished execution, than Memling's. Upon the shutters of the sibyl is an *Annunciation*, twice as precious as the jewel within, being exquisite for simplicity, pureness of design, and

there: a naked child with a small cross, symbolic of the future Passion, appears far off in the sky, as it were the Pity delineated by another poet—

Like a naked newborn babe
Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubin, horsed
Upon the sightless courier of the air—

this image of helplessness and perfect innocence raising greater horror against the sin, and compassion for the suffering. A second *Tiburtine Sibyl*, wherein the profane prophetic is showing to Augustus a vision of the Virgin and Child, has all Memling's marvellous power of pencil, meagreness of form, and secrecy of colour;—moreover ignorance of costume, and that childish naïveté of his age in expressing a subject by traits which the grown world would think a deal too unsophisticated. Much the same may be said of his four other works—the *Nativity*, the *Adoration of the Shepherds*, *Elias in the Desert*, and the *Passover*: none of them present the refined artificiality and address as to composition and massive chiaroscuro which make the chief merit of more recent painting; but, though finished like miniatures, they may be counted among the great works of art from their exaltedness of subject, wealth of thought, truth and depth of feeling, all the noble qualities, mental as well as moral, little clouded by the spots I have glanced at,—with a splendour of colouring only surpassed by the Venetians, and a purity quite unparalleled. Compare one of these pictures with a *Gerard Dow*, and the difference will become apparent between minuteness of manner and pettiness of mind: the height on which Memling stands above Dow will be as an Alpine promontory to a dirt-pie. Memling's best productions are, however, not here, but at Bruges and other cities of Flanders—besides the marvellous picture at Munich.

These five cabinets contain old German and Dutch, as well as old Flemish masters: several curious, some clever things, by that European Chinese, that most crotchety and eccentric of all painters who pretended to be serious—*Cranach*: an admirable, though somewhat rubbed, Holbein portrait of *George Gyzera*, the London merchant; with sundry other works by other claimants for praise, among whom I must shower it at once, like money among heralds and minstrels of old, as a largesse. Seven cabinets more follow, with innumerable specimens from the later Rhenish artists, giving to that name its widest diameter between the uttermost borders of *Meinher* and *Myneher*. No first-rate Rubens: his usual coarse expression, splendour of effect, and bravura of handling, is seen in the *Lazarus*; his portrait of *Helen Furman*, though faded, has much beauty of movement and good composition of colour; his figures in the huge *Stag-hunt* of *Snyders* are swept with a whirlwind brush across the canvas—an impetuosity of pencil which is sure, without any other merit, to carry off commendation as it were by *coup de main*. Neither are there Vandycks of mark here: the *Prince of Carignan*, I believe an English export, does not much enrich the Prussian capital, though valuable as a smooth piece of lady-painting to *artistes* and amateur-students in that elegant department of idleness. Very unlike to this in merit and style is Rembrandt's *Duke Adolph of Gueldres*: from the dungeon into which his father looks with compassionate expostulation, he threatens atrocious vengeance if ever set free: ungovernable parricidal rage has rarely been so well expressed: his mouth is in a black foam, his eyebrows are knotted, and his eyes have the glassy stare of a tiger when about to yell—he clenches one fist as hard as a poll-axe, and shakes it at the old man in an ecstasy of passion: nothing can tell so much of the historical incident better. With regard to execution, its merits are also very great: the lights may be what I should call somewhat French, that is, thrown from behind upon the edges, like yellow list, but the colours have tremendous force of impasto, without being put on with a spatula, and every stroke tells upon the eye with much more legitimate effect than when the artist thinks fit to dash his canvas instead of painting it. In his portrait of a *Young Lady* he has shown even still less charlatanism: solidly and honestly wrought, illuminated quietly and naturally, it is as rich, mellow, and effective as if he had loaded the board with paint like mortar, and by pitching it all over but a single spot, made it blaze there like a polished boot. I do not speak of the *Tenierses*, *Terburgs*, *Os-*

tades, *Ruysdaels*, though several are what may be said of most things, however subordinate, good in their kind: they possess no such merit as to give the Museum any pre-eminent character for Dutch pictures. I doubt if it contain one work known as the *Berlin Dow*, *Wouwermans*, or *Ostade*—any one gem of the description to make our cognoscenti inquire—“Have you seen the magnificent *Hay-cart*—the delicious *Tooth-drawer*—the exquisite *Fish-stall*—of the Berlin Gallery?”—No!—Then Sir, you have yet to behold the miracles that the art pictorial can accomplish!—Seriously, however, there is here what may be called, without such heartless cant or hyperbole, quite a sublime *Sea-piece* by *Backhuysen*: description were vain, but the Storm represented, put and kept my mind in agitation like its own— which seemed to me the best proof of its sublimity.

To conclude: the third department consists of six cabinets, wherein are deposited various primitive Middle Age works, shut up from the gaze and gaze of mob-amateurs, as little to their loss as lamentation. Among these antiquities I must acknowledge several immured, like old nuns, not because of their beauty: much of this can scarce be expected in productions of the Byzantine or Italo-Greek pencil. But all are of the best species of the curious, to wit—the useful; leading us down like shafts into the pictorial under-world, where, amid the darkness and narrowness, we may yet best discern, by mental lamp or taper, those elements and materials out of which the glorious superstructure of Art was moulded, and on which it is founded. Here will the philosophical student come as to a deep inner spring, where the waters first congregate from many pores. Here, too, may the practical student come with advantage, if he have that noble and comprehensive faculty of *Plagiarism* which is ever the great purveyor to genius, which draws, as it were, by an universal power of suction, the essences and hidden virtues, and vital spirit, out of all it sees beautiful or good, for its own combination and creative purposes; here will he find original thoughts and images, artless graces, rude grandeur of character and movement, the embryon atoms to be by him called together from obscurity and chaos into a splendid and harmonious world. I repeat it—for Truth when she would enter the “palace of the soul,” must needs use a knocker—the pith of the Art is in the Old Paintings; this it is which spreads through trunk, branches, offsets, into the bright consummate flowers, into the most triumphant garlands that can be gathered from the tree. I wish some Sir Oracle of the Royal Academy would proclaim the fact, as my countrymen will scarce become alive to it when uttered by a nameless amateur, though he blew it about their ears through the trumpet that wakens the dead. Are all our professors what Milton illogically but most intelligently entitles “blind mouths,” when alluding to others who should, by their vocation, be teachers of the people?

Paris, November 21.

The Tribunal of Commerce has pronounced judgment in the affair of Victor Hugo,—and a curious judgment it is. You are aware of the facts. M. Hugo gave a succession of dramas to the managers of the *Théâtre Français*, on condition that they should be played a certain number of times within the year, and that he should receive a certain sum each night. The managers, however, ceased playing M. Hugo's dramas; and, not content with this, employed Scribe and others to write for them. The poet, incensed, brought the managers before the Tribunal of Commerce, and prosecuted them for breach of contract. The pleadings were as lively and amusing as a comedy. Victor Hugo insisting that his dramas were merchandise, and entitled to the same protection as if cottons or woollens had been furnished. The managers, on the other hand, maintained that Hugo's dramas brought no company. To this it was replied, that the dramas played instead of them brought no company either; and since loss was inevitable, that loss, which was in performance of a contract, should be preferred. The Court thus winds up its judgment:—

“Inasmuch as literary property is the result of the most noble faculties of man, and ought to find just protection before the tribunals: Inasmuch as it is worthy of a people, which owes to its tragic and

comic drama, its finest national glory, to open to all systems of literature, and to all talents, a national theatre, where they may, at their risks and perils, bring their productions before an enlightened public, and by a struggle for glory as well as money, contribute to the illustration of French letters: Inasmuch as, by the non-execution of its engagements, the *Comédie Française* has caused a damage to M. Hugo, and owes reparation, the Tribunal condemns the manager, *Vedel*—*par corps*, to pay 6000 fr., by way of damages, to Victor Hugo: and moreover, orders *Vedel* to represent the play of ‘*Hernani*’ within two months, that of ‘*Marian Delorme*’ within three months, and complete the fifteen representations of ‘*Angelo*’ within five months, under a penalty of 150 fr. for every day's delay.”

Bravo! French *Tribunal de Commerce*, and all hail *Mons. Perruques*, its worthy President! If Victor Hugo does not immortalize them with an ode in return for their glorious *Attenda que*, then there is no gratitude in poets.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We were much gratified last week at having it in our power to announce the safe return of Captain Alexander. The Cape papers since received, enable us to add some further particulars. After leaving the colony last year, it appears that the Captain proceeded across the Lion and Fish Rivers to the deserted missionary station of Bethany, where a Namaqua chief, called Kooisip, with three headmen, offered to accompany him to the sea: but they brought with them more people than were agreeable,—the party being at one time fifty strong, armed with guns, assegais, bows and arrows, &c. The party travelled north, and saw some new rivers and ranges of mountains. They passed through a pool, or defile, in which the rhinoceroses were gathered in great herds. The native of the pool is the Bull's Mouth. Beyond this they came to the desert of Tans, where (in April) they had all nearly perished for want of water. Capt. A. lost his horses, some of his oxen, sheep, and dogs. After suffering great privations, they reached Whale-fish Bay on the 19th April. Their provisions being consumed, they were obliged to eat all their skins, and to dig in the sand for clams. Capt. A. waited anxiously, but in vain for a fortnight, expecting a ship-of-war; at length two American whalers, the *Commodore Perry* and the *Pocahontas*, came into the bay, from which he obtained some biscuit, and procured from the natives, by barter, a few lean sheep. Being unable to go farther north for want of guides, he proceeded eastward, as we have already stated, and then south to the colony. He has brought back with him many skins of the rhinoceros, zebra, antelope, &c., besides 300 specimens of birds.

The rich harvest which we lately announced as the promise of the publishing season remains un-gathered, not a sample has yet been offered to us, nor have we heard a single report either of novelty or interest. A paragraph in the daily papers may, indeed, excite the attention of those who are still anxious to penetrate the mystery respecting Junius. We learn from it that a regular series of the *Public Advertiser* newspaper, during the period when Junius's letters were published in that journal, has been found in the library of Sir Philip Francis, in which nearly every letter, even to the punctuation, is corrected by Sir Philip himself. It will also be seen from our report of the Linnean Society that his Grace the Duke of Somerset has resigned the Presidency. We may add, that it is generally reported that Dr. Stanley, the Bishop of Norwich, will be elected as his successor.

Not long since a good deal was said and written respecting Mr. Crosse's supposed production, or reproduction, of insects. The subject, however, notwithstanding the zeal of the credulous, would probably, ere this, have sunk into oblivion, but for an occasional letter from Mr. Crosse himself, which somehow or other gets into the papers: there is one just now going its rounds, with which, it appears, he forwarded to a friend “a small bottle of spirits of wine, containing about thirty insects, produced in silicate of potash, under the long-continued action of weak voltaic electricity,” and in which he expresses himself “as much surprised, and quite as

much in the dark, about the affair as at first." Now it was possibly an extract from this very letter, accompanied by this very phial of insects, which was lately submitted to the Academy of Sciences at Paris; and it would therefore have been more ingenious, had the public been also informed that the savans thought the subject wholly unworthy even of consideration:—here is their decision: "*L'Académie ne juge pas que cette communication doive être l'objet d'un rapport.*" One of the members, however, M. Turpin, made some observations on the insects themselves, which he had examined out of curiosity, although he entirely concurred in the opinion, that the subject of the communication was wholly beneath the serious consideration of the Academy. He had, he said, examined the insects with a microscope multiplying 280 times the diameter, and they appeared to constitute a new species of the genus *acarus*; those described and figured, to which this animal belongs, are found in cheese and flour. If, said M. Turpin, Mr. Crosse believes that he has entirely formed, by the means described, an animal of so elevated an organization as that of his *acarus*, he cannot have sufficiently studied the organization and comparative physiology of living beings: the means he has employed have been merely stimulants, such as excite and favour germination in grain, and will hasten the hatching of eggs.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 23.—Francis Bailey, Esq., V.P., in the chair. The following papers were read:—

1. Magnetical Observations made in the West Indies, on the Coast of Brazil, and North America, in the years 1834, 1835, 1836, and 1837. By Sir James Everard Home, Bart. C.R.N. The Observations reduced by the Rev. George Fisher, M.A.

2. On Low Fogs and Stationary Clouds. By William Kelly, M.D., communicated by Captain Beaufort, R.N.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 1.—W. H. Fitton, M.D., V.P., in the chair. The first paper read at this meeting was, by Mr. Williamson, 'On the Remains of Fishes in the Coal-field of Lancashire.' The author having in a previous account of the Ardwick limestone described the Ichthyolites found there, consisting of scales of Megalithes and Palæoniscus, with teeth of the latter, has now come to the conclusion, in conjunction with Professor Johnstone, that the bed in which these occur is entirely a coprolitic mass. With the above was also described a tooth of *Diplodus gibbosus*. In this, as well as in another pit near Ringley, where the same roofstone occurs, one or two species of *Unco* were found, as well as remains of *Stigmæria fœcoides* and *Calamites nodosus*, with other plants.

The next paper read was, 'On the Geology of the Island of Zante,' by H. C. Strickland, Esq. F.G.S., which the author commenced by stating, that the structure of this island is simpler than that of the other Ionian Islands, and that it presents an epitome of their component rocks in an almost unbroken series. The geological phenomena of Zante may be arranged under the three heads:—1. The Apennine limestone; 2. Tertiary deposits; 3. Mineral springs.

1. The name of Apennine limestone is preferred for the vast deposit of the south of Europe, especially on the shores of the Adriatic, which is uniform in character for many thousand feet of vertical thickness, and many hundred miles of horizontal extent. Its fossils, though rare, show it to be the equivalent of the cretaceous, and perhaps also of the oolitic series of northern Europe.

This light-coloured limestone which extends in a ridge along the west coast of the island, often assumes the characters of the hard chalk of the north of England; no flints were found, but fossil remains, such as nummulites and fragments of hippurites, occasionally occur. It abounds in numerous faults and fractures, as well as caverns, and has been mistaken for the carboniferous limestone of northern Europe.

2. The tertiary beds repose on the eastern flank of the limestone range, extending thence to the eastern coast. They form several detached hills rising through the alluvial matter, which forms the central

plain of the island. The uppermost strata consist of an aggregate of calcareous and arenaceous particles, forming a pale yellow, porous stone, which is easily worked, containing a few fossils; and it is succeeded by a deposit of blue clay and marl, in which occur a few shells of *Pectunculus auritus*, *Natica glauca*, &c.

Gypseous beds are found on the south coast of Zante, and the strata above them clearly belong to the Pliocene epoch, as many of their fossils are identical with those of the Sub-Apennine hills. The beds below the gypsum contain but few fossils, as crushed echini and obscure bivalves. In one situation a bed of indurated bluish marl, contains shells of a *Hyalea* and *Cressis*, larger than the species *H. cornea* and *C. spinifera*, now living in the Mediterranean.

On the west side of Port Cheri, a low argillaceous cliff, containing a few scales and vertebrae of fish, and a species of *Vermiculium*, has probably been brought down from some higher part of the tertiary series, by the subsidence which seems to have formed the valley and bay of Port Cheri, and of which striking proofs may be seen in the parallel striae and hardened exterior smooth surface, on the small surface of a fault in the Apennine limestone which descends to the sea.

3. The mineral springs.—The sources of bitumen, for which Zante has been celebrated since the time of Herodotus, rise in the midst of the marshy plain at Port Cheri. The wells yielded about forty barrels annually. The bitumen oozes up from the bottom, and above it the well is filled by a spring of clear, cool, and tasteless water.

These and other bitumen springs occurring in the neighbourhood of faults, and there being nothing in the composition of either the tertiary or secondary rocks to account for its production, the author infers that it is derived from the region of volcanic action, which may almost be demonstrated to underlie the Ionian Islands.

The last paper read was, by C. Darwin, Esq. F.G.S. 'On the Formation of Mould.' The author commenced by remarking on the two most striking characters, by which the superficial layer of vegetable mould is distinguished. These are, its nearly homogeneous nature, although overlying different kinds of subsoil, and the uniform fineness of its particles. This may be well observed in any gravelly country, where, although in a ploughed field, a large proportion of the soil consists of small stones, yet in old pasture land not a single pebble will be found within some inches of the surface. The author's attention was called to this subject, by Mr. Wedgwood of Maer Hall, in Staffordshire, who showed him several fields, some of which a few years before had been covered with lime, and others with burnt marl and cinders. These substances in every case were now buried to the depth of some inches beneath the turf, as was ascertained by a careful examination of the several fields; and Mr. Darwin stated, that the appearance in all cases was as if the fragments had, as the farmers believe, worked themselves down. But it did not appear to him at all possible, that either the powdered lime or the fragments of burnt marl and the pebbles, could sink through compact earth to some inches beneath the surface. Nor is it probable that the decay of the grass, although adding to the surface of some of the constituent parts of the mould, should separate in so short a time the fine, from the coarse earth, and accumulate the former on those objects, which had so lately been strewn on the surface. Mr. Darwin had also observed near towns, in apparently unploughed fields, pieces of pottery and bones some inches below the surface. So on the mountains of Chili, he had been perplexed by marine elevated shells, covered by earth, in situations where rain could not have washed it on them.

The explanation which occurred to Mr. Wedgwood of these phenomena, Mr. Darwin does not doubt to be the correct one: namely, that the whole is due to the digestive process, by which the common earth-worm is supported. On carefully examining between the blades of grass in the fields where the observations had been made, the author found that there was scarcely a space of two inches square, without a little heap of the cylindrical castings of worms. It is well known, that worms in their excavations swallow earthy matter, and having separated the serviceable portion eject, at the mouth of their bur-

rows, the remainder in little intestine shaped heaps; hence the fine particles are brought to the surface, and the cinders, burnt marl, or powdered lime, would by degrees be undermined, and eventually become covered by what was previously the underlying earth. In a field on which cinders had been spread only half a year before, Mr. Darwin actually saw the castings of the worms heaped on the smaller fragments.

On the above hypothesis, the great advantage of old pasture land, which farmers are always averse to break up, is explained; for the worms must require a considerable length of time to prepare a thick stratum of mould, by thoroughly mingling the original constituent parts of the soil, as well as the manures added by man. The author observes, that the digestive process of animals is a geological power of greater extent than might at first be imagined. In recent coral formations, the quantity of stone converted into the most impalpable mud, by the excavations of boring shells, and of nereidoid animals, must be very great. Numerous large fish (of the genus *Sparus*) likewise subsist by browsing on the living branches of coral. Mr. Darwin believes, that large portions of the chalk of Europe has been produced from coral, by the digestive action of marine animals, in the same manner as mould has been prepared by the same process on disintegrated rock.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 20.—G. R. Porter, Esq., V.P., in the chair. —At this, the first meeting of the present session, the attendance was remarkably numerous. Above fifty members were present, besides occasional visitors. Two members were elected, and six gentlemen were proposed. An extensive list of contributions to the library was reported; after which the following papers were read:—

An account of the proceedings of the Statistical Section of the British Association at the meeting at Liverpool, by R. W. Rawson, Esq.

After the ample reports of these proceedings which have appeared in this Journal, we need not offer to our readers an abstract of this paper.

The next paper read was 'A Statistical account of the Turn-out of the Silk-weavers and other Operatives at Derby, in 1833-4,' by William Felkin, Esq., of Nottingham.

It was stated that, in the course of the year 1833, many Trades Unions had been formed, in which nearly the whole working population of some manufacturing districts was enrolled. The arrangements attained considerable consistency, and the executive bodies exercised for a time great influence. It was laid down as a principle, that the times and modes of labour, amount of wages, and regulation of factories, should be put under general laws, binding the employers and owners of machinery, as well as their workpeople. Some professed friends of the labouring classes went further than this; accordingly, in their organ, the *Pioneer*, of 13th November, 1833, it was stated by O. P. Q., the correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, that "to attack private property on a large scale, is the real object and eventual tendency of Trades Unions,—that this would be a social revolution, which is indispensable, practicable, and speedily to be accomplished: and that, this change of property, or attack on it, can hardly be hoped to be effected without disorders or troubles,—but that the present state of society is untenable."

From peculiar local circumstances, of no importance in the inquiry, the town of Derby became the field of one of the most protracted and severe contests between the masters and the men that has ever been witnessed in a manufacturing community. The majority of the workpeople formed a union, which nearly all the masters were determined to resist. Trade was good, the hands were generally employed, and no question of wages had been recently, or was now attempted to be, raised on either side. The difference therefore was one involving not only a simple principle, but one of vital importance, and which excited commensurate interest. The employers and employed in the surrounding districts, and at length throughout the county at large, watched the progress of events at Derby as indicative of their own future circumstances, and spoke and acted accordingly. The declaration of the Derby masters was published on the 25th of November, wherein

twenty principal houses declared "that each of them will immediately cease to employ every man who is a member of the Trades Union, and will not receive, or take back into his service, any man who continues a member of that Union, or of any other Union having similar objects." On the 26th the workpeople began to turn out; and in a very short time most of the mills were partly standing still. On the 8th of February 1834, there were (besides about 400 contingent hands not regularly reported as unemployed), 494 men, 837 women, and 506 children—total 1837 workpeople out of employment; and 207 men, 313 women, and 335 children—total 855, were still at work. 135 men, 50 women, and 86 children—total 271 fresh hands, had been taken on. 22 masters co-operated in carrying into effect the above-cited agreement; and it is proper to state, that the numbers and amounts given in this paper, are chiefly drawn from the written reports handed by each of these houses to the gentleman who acted as their secretary; and of the use of which, as well as of many other papers, Mr. Felkin had been enabled to avail himself in drawing up the present statement. These numbers do not materially vary from those published from time to time in the *Pioneer*, so far as they are susceptible of comparison. On the 26th of April, ten days before the end of the turn-out, there were 519 men, 856 women, and 561 children—total 1936 workpeople who were unemployed; 173 men, 306 women, and 340 children—total 819, who had continued at work. About the 8th of May, it being known that the masters would receive back such hands as were willing to sign the declaration repudiating the Union, 103 men, 440 women, and 208 children—total 551 hands, resumed work at once; and up to that period, 211 men, 232 women, and 244 children—total 687 new hands, had been engaged. No further funds worth naming were obtained from the Unions to aid in supporting this turn-out. The sum received at Derby, up to the 7th May, was 4783*l.* 15*s.*, which sum, supposing that all the unemployed participated equally in it, would give about 2*s.* a week to each. At the time of the termination of the turn-out, it was stated, in a report of the condition of the work-people in Derby, that there were 323 men, and 320 women and children dependent on this supply for their means of subsistence. During the previous five weeks, the married men had received 3*s.* 2*d.*, and the single men 2*s.* 6*d.* a week; but the average pay was not more than 1*s.* 6*d.* each, to those dependent on the Union funds in Derby; and their agent wrote, at this date, in the *Pioneer*, that "there are several hundred people (union turn-outs and their families), in this town, who have not the means of obtaining a morsel of bread." The hands who returned were in a deplorable condition; emaciated and feeble, scantily clothed, and in many cases suffering from diseases which to some proved fatal. Out of 130 men in one factory there were five clear cases of death resulting from this turn-out. These persons who returned to work were mostly involved in debt, having pawned or sold all they could part with, and their debts are far from being paid at the present time.

Before the turn-out, 2755 hands had been regularly employed; besides about 500 women and children, who, having work given out to them irregularly, were excluded from the lists of hands constantly engaged, although entirely engaged upon the same work as that of the regular hands. These 500, added to the before-stated 1936, make the 2400 said to have been unemployed during the turn-out. It appears, therefore, that 1936 were included in the turn-out; 819 had continued at work; 687 new hands were, in the mean time, taken on; 751 were taken back at once; so that, only 2257 hands were employed after the turn-out, being 498 less than before it; and leaving 1185 old hands to find employment as well as they could. Of these, 416 were men, 416 women, and 333 children. It may be proper to mention, that the population of Derby, in 1833-4, was 24,669 persons.

Trade having greatly fallen off during the turn-out, it was a long time before the greater part of these hands got into work of any kind; and although the masters finally excluded only the most obnoxious, and gradually received a large number, yet many have never since been employed in regular trade, nor even in the neighbourhood. In tracing many of

those who continued to live in Derby, but got no work in the mills, Mr. Felkin found that they became for the most part, jobbing labourers, bricklayers' labourers, boatmen on the canal, &c.

Before quitting work, the wages of the people employed appear, on an average of the previous three months, to have been, to about one-fourth of the men, 23*s.* a week; to one-fourth, 20*s.*; to one-fourth, 18*s.*; and, to the remaining fourth, 15*s.* a week; being an average of 19*s.* a week on the whole 519 men. 300 of the women averaged about 10*s.*; 400, 8*s.*; 450, 6*s.*; or about 7*s.* 9*d.* a week for the whole. 200 children about 5*s.*; 400, 4*s.*; 260, 2*s.* 6*d.*; or somewhat more than 3*s.* 9*d.* a week for the whole. These averages are rather below the statements Mr. Felkin received; but he deemed it more satisfactory to under-rate than to over-rate any item in these details, where the exact amounts cannot be obtained. The total wages paid would be therefore about 1100*l.* weekly, to the whole of the persons employed, including those reported as turned out, with the contingent hands, and those who remained at work. But as none of the factories were fully or regularly worked, and as the few old hands were chiefly employed in teaching new ones, and the latter class could take but trifling wages, the loss by decreased payments in wages might be fairly stated at not less than 1000*l.* a week, for twenty-three weeks, amounting to a total of 23,000*l.*, against which there is to be set the sum of nearly 5000*l.*, contributed externally for their support, leaving a loss to them of 18,000*l.* in wages; and they went in to work at less wages than were paid previously in about two-thirds of the trades and establishments. The reduction is stated, by both masters and men, to have been about 25 per cent. The masters assert it to have been a reduction necessarily consequent on lowered prices of goods in their respective trades; the men allege a spirit of revenge and retaliation on the part of their masters, as the only reason for this course of proceeding.

The cost of dead capital sunk in the buildings, machinery, &c., employed in connexion with these hands, was said to be properly estimated at 200,000*l.*; and looking to its selling value, the working value might be stated at 150,000*l.*; the loss to the masters on this item, in connexion with that arising from the non-employment of their floating capital, would probably be not less, at the termination of this six months, than 25,000*l.*, superadded to all the well-understood inconveniences attending the stoppage of their current business.

Although "picketing," i.e. placing turn-outs to watch and to prevent the introduction of fresh hands, was, as is usual in such cases, a good deal practised, yet this turn-out was attended with fewer important breaches of the peace, than almost any on record. All parties seemed to desire that the contest should be a fair one,—it was, on the whole, a peaceable one; and it was carried on with a spirit worthy any cause. The kindness of feeling and sympathy with each other's sufferings, displayed by the working classes, were so marked, as in many instances to command the admiration of their former employers and all around them. And although many suspicions and complaints of partiality and irregularity in the administration of the funds for private ends were published, yet it is not proved that there was any material injustice or peculation in their distribution.

After expending about 500*l.* in an attempt to place machinery in a mill, and work it on the Union account, the scheme was found totally impracticable, and the place was given up at a loss of nearly all that was involved in the outlay. To exchange the results of labour in various trades was also tried, and altogether failed; and a labour paper currency was proposed, but, after very slight efforts, it was given up as totally impracticable. A Trades Union National Bank was seriously proposed, but does not appear to have been pushed further than the proposition. The withdrawal of workmen's deposits from savings banks was strongly urged, but seems not to have been practised.

The following twenty-one strikes occurred during the progress of the one at Derby, viz. The Builders in Manchester—Flower-lashers in Paisley—Jannners in Birmingham—Clothiers in Leeds—Cut up and Glove hose hands in Nottingham—Two Lace factories in Nottingham—Shoemakers in Manchester—Staffordshire Potteries—A Builder's hands

in Birmingham, and one in Leamington—Wool-combers in Leicester—Liverpool Builders—Mechanics in Glasgow—Calico Printers in Glasgow—Masons in Glasgow—Weavers in Glasgow—Builders in Manchester—Six mills closed in Lancashire—Yeovil Glovers—Partial strikes in London, of Smiths, Coopers, Builders, and the workmen of three Gas Companies—Tailors in London—Bible Printers in Oxford—Two Washerwomen's strikes in London—Northamptonshire Shoemakers' partial strike. The union in the Staffordshire potteries has in a great measure succeeded in controlling the wages and production, and would form a curious and important subject of inquiry.* Two other turn-outs above named, of very trifling importance, were also successful. In all the rest the men went in upon terms more or less dictated by their employers.

The following remarkable sentiments appear in the pages of the *Pioneer* as from the pen of the editor. Referring to a recent six weeks' strike, in which he states 3,600*l.* to have been distributed to 1200 men, at 10*s.* a week, and 600*l.* to have been expended upon the officers employed, he goes on to observe that "the men were marked by the employers; that a compromise allowed them to return to work, but that in six months another strike would be necessary to resist further oppression; and that during these turn-outs, the pawnbroker and the publican are the resources of the dejected workmen and their wives; both become desolate, and, most probably, their homes are rendered uncomfortable for ever." And referring to the London Tailors' strike, he declares "all partial strikes are madness;" and therefore hails the calling of a grand meeting of delegates from all parts of the kingdom, to effect a general combination, and ensure perfect unity of action.

On the conclusion of this paper a lengthened and very interesting discussion on combinations of workmen and masters, was sustained by Mr. Felkin, Mr. Heywood, of Manchester, Mr. Rowland Hill, and several gentlemen connected with the great cotton and woollen manufactures of the northern and midland counties.

It was notified that the Society has completed an inquiry into the state of all the schools in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, and in the parishes of the Strand Union; a report of which will be presented at the next meeting. It was also stated, that a similar inquiry is in progress, in the parishes of St. Margaret's, and St. John's, in Westminster.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

Nov. 21.—Edward Foster, Esq. V.P., in the chair. Specimens of *Erica ciliaris*, *Stachys spathulata*, *Spartina alterniflora*, and *Isolepis Savii*, collected during the past summer, in the West of England, were presented by Mr. Wood. Mr. Charlwood also presented several species of *Echinocactus* and *Mammillaria*, collected in Mexico, by M. Deschamps, and a specimen of *Cereus senilis*. Amongst the Cacti was a very rare variety, known by the natives under the name of the Old Man. A dutiful address to Her Majesty, on her accession to the throne, and soliciting her patronage to the Society, was read from the chair, and unanimously adopted by the meeting. A letter was also read, from the President, the Duke of Somerset, addressed to the chairman of the meeting, resigning his office; upon which it was resolved, that a special meeting for the election of his successor, should be held on Saturday, 2nd of December. Some remarks were read, from Mr. Luxford, on the discovery of the *Cucubalus baccifer*, in the Isle of Dogs. This plant was found in August last, by the writer, growing on the banks of a ditch near the road, leading from Blackwall to the Ferry-house. It has lately been excluded from the British Flora, into which it was introduced by the authority of Dillenius, and inserted in the third edition of Ray's Synopsis. On account, however, of its having been met with in various parts of Essex, the writer considered it to be indigenous. A memoir was read, from Mr. Westwood, on the family Fulgorides, with a monograph of the genus Fulgora of Linnaeus; and which gave, besides

* This strike, and that of Liverpool, are stated to have cost 18,000*l.* in subscriptions.

* It was announced that the Statistical Society would shortly be enabled to present an account of this strike, prepared by a gentleman connected with the Potteries.

an enumeration of the singular genus *Fulgora*, a description of eight entirely new ones.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Westminster Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
MON.	Royal Academy (<i>Anatom. Illus.</i>)	Eight.
	Geographical Society	Nine.
TUES.	Zoological Society (<i>Sci. Business</i>)	p. Eight.
	Botanical Society (<i>Anniversary</i>)	p. Eight.
WED.	Society of Arts	p. Seven.
	Geological Society	p. Eight.
THUR.	Royal Society (<i>Anniversary</i>)	Eight.
	Society of Antiquaries	Eight.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

DRURY LANE.

This Evening, **THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR** (with Music); and **THE DAUGHTER OF THE DANUBE**. On Monday, Historical Drama of **KENILWORTH**; and **THE DAUGHTER OF THE DANUBE**. Tuesday, **GUSTAVUS THE THIRD**; and **THE DAUGHTER OF THE DANUBE**.

COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, No Performance. On Monday, **MACBETH**; with **THE BARBERS OF BASSORA**. Tuesday, Will be revived the **PLAY OF RICHES**, or **THE WIFE AND BROTHER** (taken from Massinger's *CITY MADAM*); after which a New Grand Historical Romance, called **JOAN OF ARC**, **THE MAID OF ORLEANS**; after which **THE ORIGINAL**. Wednesday, **THE BRIDAL**; with other Entertainments.

DRURY LANE.—A new ballet, called 'The Daughter of the Danube,' was produced on Tuesday, and received with great and well-merited applause. It has sufficient interest to keep the attention alive to the gradual development of the story, and in beauty of scenery, and in the extent and variety of the groupings and dancing, it stands first of the foremost rank. The principal dancers, Mr. Gilbert, Miss Ballin, and Madame Proche Giubilei, acquit themselves so well, as almost to prevent one's thinking about the usual importations from France and Italy; but even if the Drury Lane ballet be inferior to that of the great Opera House at Paris in this particular, it has more than compensation in the performance of Mr. Wieland, whose comical Fiend is the most amusing and laughter-moving personage we have seen for many a day. He is the Liston of motion, and, bating the advantage of dialogue, is as funny with his feet as ever that inimitable master of mirth was with his never-to-be-forgotten head.

At the other theatres there has not been much of novelty or importance. On Tuesday Mad. Ecklerin made her appearance in 'L'Italiana in Algieri' at the **OPERA BUFFA**. Throughout the first act she was too nervous to do justice to herself, or to be fairly judged of by the public; but she recovered in some degree in the second act, and went through the part with great good taste. At the **OLYMPIA**, a burlesque, called 'Why did you die!' written by Mr. Charles Mathews, was presented on Monday, with unequivocal success. At the **VICTORIA**, the drama called 'Valsha,' which has been for some time so successfully played at the Adelphi, has been produced, and well received. After due deliberation, (we presume,) the management decided on providing against the accidents which might be expected to occur in the pronunciation of the first letter, by changing the name boldly and at once to *Walsha*. We have not heard the piece over the water, but we question whether the object has been attained, and whether *Walsha* in the bills has not become *Valsha* on the stage. If this should be the case, we recommend, as an improvement, that the word should be printed *Walsha* in the bills, and written *Walsha* in the stage manuscript, and this, we suspect, will make all right.

MISCELLANEA

Preservation of Vegetable Substances.—It is well known that animal substances are preserved from putrefaction by corrosive sublimate, but that vegetable substances, however saturated they may be with this sublimate, discharge all the metallic salt when exposed to water. It is the gelatine of animal substances which combines with the mercurial salt, and thus forms an insoluble and impure composition. A M. Tellier, in order to make the sublimate useful for vegetable matter, proposes that it should be steeped in a cold concentrated solution of sublimate, then thoroughly dried; after which it should be plunged in a warm solution of one part gelatine to eight parts of water. By this means all the salt is decomposed, and if afterwards exposed to

the action of water the latter will be strongly coloured with excess of gelatine, but affords no traces of mercurial salt.

Mitchell's Patent Screw Moorings.—This mooring is constructed on the principle of the screw, but differing essentially in form from that well-known instrument, for as the spiral thread makes little more than one turn round its shaft, it is at the same time extended to a very broad flange, the hold which it takes of the ground being proportional with its breadth of disc. Where it is necessary to provide against a very heavy strain, the moorings used are three feet six inches in diameter, and the principle is capable of still further extension. A mooring of the above diameter presents a resisting surface equal to about ten square feet, whereas the palm of the largest anchor in the British navy does not exceed half that size, and some estimate of its holding powers may be formed, when it is shown that this broad surface can be screwed to a depth, many times greater than that to which the palm of an anchor can ever descend. The method of laying down the mooring is briefly thus: a strong mooring chain being so attached to it as to allow the screw to turn freely, without carrying, the chain round with it, a powerful iron shaft is then fixed firmly in the upper part of the mooring, which is formed square for that purpose, setting in the same manner as a key to a harp or piano forte in winding up; it is then lowered by the mooring chain, joint after joint being added to the shaft till the mooring has reached the ground; light levers of twelve feet in length are then applied to the shaft in the manner of a capstan, when the operation of screwing the mooring into the ground commences. Two boats or barges having been moored firmly, head and stern, close alongside each other, and the upright shaft rising between them about midships, the men place themselves at the bars, and move round from one boat to the other, the two giving them a safe and convenient platform, and by a simple contrivance, the levers are occasionally shipped upwards as the screw and shaft sink into the ground. When the number of men employed can no longer force the screw round, the levers are removed, and the shaft is drawn out of the ground, leaving the mooring firmly imbedded, with the chain attached to it, and a buoy being shackled to the other end of the chain, the work is completed.—*Civil Engineers and Architects' Journal.*

Jews in Poland.—A Polish inn tenanted by a Jewish family exhibits a most curious picture to the eyes of an intelligent observer. It is frequently a miserable hovel with a kind of large barn communicating with it, and serving as a stable and a yard for different kinds of vehicles. The habitation itself consists of a large room for the customers, and a small one for the family: this last is crowded to excess, and frequently exhibits the most extraordinary assemblage of contents; among which piles of featherbeds are conspicuous, but so dirty, and exhaling such an offensive smell, that no traveller, however fatigued by his journey, will be tempted to repose on them; his wearied limbs, in spite of the softness of the couch. Many families frequently crowd into the same room, which is often divided into several compartments, not by any kind of screens, but by mere lines drawn with chalk on the ground-floor. The company is sometimes increased, particularly in cold weather, by a pet calf lying near the fire-place, and by geese cackling in baskets placed under the wooden benches, which represent chairs and sofas in the miserable abode. It may easily be imagined what kind of harmony is produced by the discordant sounds of these noisy inmates, joined with the cries of children and the scolding of women. Yet this apparent wretchedness often covers considerable wealth; and the rough wooden cupboards, which form a part of the furniture of the room we have described, sometimes contain gold chains, silver plate, rich female ornaments studded with pearls and precious stones, and, more than all, bonds for large sums, lent on the most usurious terms.—*British and Foreign Review.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

On and after Monday next (the 27th), the business of the Athenæum Office will be removed to No. 14, Wellington-street North, where, in future, all communications and papers for the Editor (post paid), should be addressed.

Erratum.—In the advertisement of M. Sprenger, Oriental Teacher, inserted last week, the address should be 3, Stanhope-street, Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park.

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